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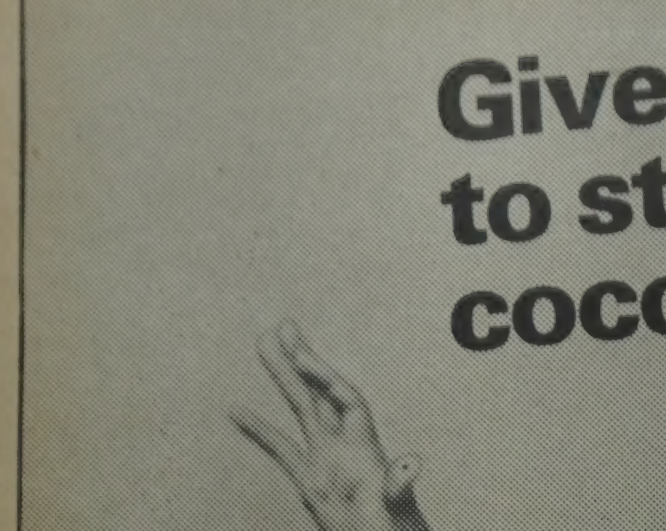

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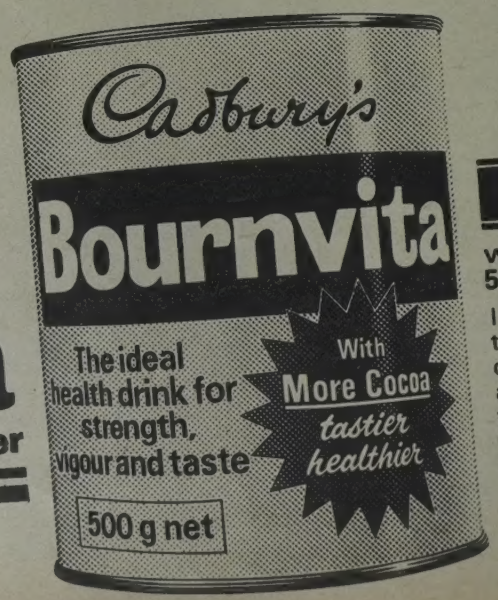

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MINAL PARMAR

Doing her B. Com. Part II at the Lala Lajpat Rai College, Bombay, Minal Parmar has her career mapped out already — she will become a partner in her uncle's printing press, at which she has already been working part-time.

Commerce, however, is not her only interest. She had acted in Gujarati plays at Bhavnagar, where she lived from 1975-'77. She participated in youth drama festivals and even won a best actress award.

Another hobby is music. She has been learning classical music (vocal) for the past three years.

Minal prefers the peace and leisure of Bhavnagar to the rush of Bombay. "With good company you can enjoy yourself even in a small town," she says.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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this week

THE STUDENT EXODUS

Every year around this time hundreds of Indian students leave the homeland and make their way to universities abroad, chiefly in the U.S. and England. What makes foreign university education so attractive? What are these students looking for that they feel they either have not got or will not get in their own country? Interviews with a cross-section of students in Bombay.

Page 8.

GOING ABROAD IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Going abroad to study in the days of yore was neither as easy nor as common as it is today. And the experiences and attitudes of people who studied in foreign universities in those days are distinctly different from those of present-day students. Reminiscences of two old-timers.

Page 10.

STUDENT EXCHANGE

The student exchange programme of Rotary International provides a unique opportunity for fairly bright youngsters to see the world and broaden their intellectual and cultural horizons. A Youth Page feature.

Page 42.

SOCIAL FUTURES

If there is to be a happy future for the people of India 25 years from now, the time to start planning for it is now. Futurology — the science which basically looks for new alternatives and options for the future of society and tries to answer the question: "What kind of society are we going to have in, say, 2000 A.D.?" — is comparatively new to India, but vitally important nevertheless. In a new series on the future of various aspects of life, we attempt to get people thinking about social futures.

Page 39.

ALSO

Crochet-work: Pretty luncheon-mats to make yourself — **Page 17** Film Interview: Neetu Singh, a more important career? — **Page 37** Profiles : Mrs. Chandravati and Shakuntala Nayar, ministers from U.P. — **Page 43.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Short Story/**13**, People Known & Unknown/**19**, Fashion/**20**, True Confession/**22**, News Bulletin/**27**, Cookery/**28**, Beauty/**34**, Hiya Honey/**35**, Quiz 6/**35**, People & Events/**44**, Horoscope/**46**.

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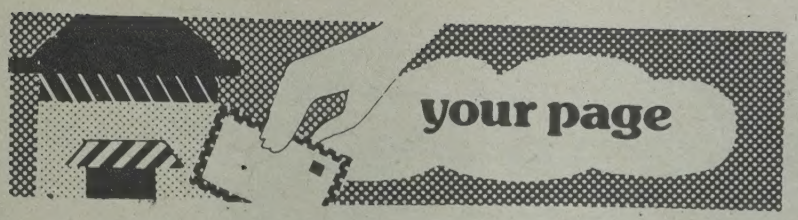

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1st prize

THE PERILS INVOLVED

Brave new world, indeed! True to Aldous Huxley's prediction, the test-tube baby has become a fact, with the dramatic break-through achieved by two British doctors. Obviously, this break-through is fraught with immense physical, psychological, medical, social, legal, moral and ethical implications. Will it be a matter of time before 'a scientific elite of totalitarian predestinators' creates test-tube babies on an assembly line, predetermining, in the process, their every mental and physical characteristic — a la Huxley? And will the promise of this break-through outweigh the perils involved? And how will the break-through affect women? At last women declared hopelessly infertile will be able to bear children. And other women need not be forced to bear children until they bear a son, for parents will be able to choose the sex of their offspring. Paradoxically this break-through may even help birth control, for scientists may come up with a perfect contraceptive, using their findings and reversing their effects. On the peril side, in the hands of charlatans, one dare not even imagine the consequences.

Indu K. Mallah, Tamil Nadu

All great inventions, all pioneering break-throughs, all new steps are fraught with peril. That does not ever mean that the step should not be taken or the break-through not attempted. The test-tube baby is a fact of science and now, of life. It is one of the greatest successes of modern medical science and the boon it may become to countless women will far outweigh the possibilities of misuse and corruption.

2nd prize

OH, IT'S A GIRL!

The birth of the world's first-known "test-tube" baby at Oldham, England, on July 25, 1978 is a significant event — doubly so for us women, firstly because it spells hope for those women who would otherwise have borne the sorrow and stigma of barrenness; and secondly, as against the first human conceived/born naturally, and commonly believed to be male, this unusual birth brought forth a female. I was just beginning to rejoice over this symbol of the dawning of a new era of women, when the following lines in the press release caught my eye and made me pause: "The first child, even if it is a girl, is as good as a son," said the baby's father, Mr. Gilbert John Brown: and..."Even though Mrs. Brown bore a girl, there are reports that the doctors responsible for creating the 'test-tube' baby, may perform yet another experiment so that she could bear a son which both she and her husband crave."

So, it seems, having baby girls is nice but not enough. I wonder if the Browns would have made the same decision had this one been a boy? We're of course familiar with this partiality for male babies whose births are announced proudly in the papers, but not those of their sisters. My rejoicing was premature. When will such attitudes change, if ever? Not until we recondition the other sex and society, can we hope for better times.

Bernie Tellis, Bombay

Well, at least let us stop putting the entire blame on Indian parents for wanting sons! The test-tube baby is a girl and no one can now alter that fact. There will be lots of test-tube baby boys in the future — so what? It is certainly no sin to want a male child. It is only when the wanting becomes a fetish and does harm to a woman physically, mentally and socially, that a halt must be called.

3rd prize

YOUR SPERM, MY BABY

First, test-tube babies. Now, surrogate mothers. What next? Pregnant fathers, maybe!

But, seriously speaking, while in the first case, it is the wife herself who ultimately bears the child, in the case of 'deputy' mothers, it is another woman who becomes either the paid or unpaid bearer of the child who is conceived in her womb through artificial insemination with the sperm of the husband of a barren woman. An American couple has sought legal permission to have a child in this manner. Legally, there is the problem of defining the mother. Is she the woman who bears the child or the woman whose husband has donated the sperm?

Again, what of the emotional repercussions? Psychologically the love of a mother is supposed to be tied a up with the fact that she has harboured the child for nine long months in her own body. One reason why barren women refuse to adopt children is that they cannot truly love another woman's child. Therefore, isn't it likely that the surrogate mother will be more attached to the child she has borne than the woman whose husband has provided the sperm? These factors must be carefully considered before begetting a child in this fashion, else there will be great mental agony for the people involved. But, if a woman is large-hearted enough not to penalise her husband for her barren state and to accept and love a child born through this procedure, she can be considered a truly great person.

Mrs. P. Chandrayani, Bombay

As we have said before, if the wife is agreeable and is not pressurised into it, this kind of parenthood need not pose problems, other than maybe legal ones which might very well be anticipated.

GOLD CRAZE

Chain-snatching in the capital has increased very much during the last few months. Not a single day passes without some incidents of chain-snatching being reported in the press. The reports usually end up with the words — "the police are investigating...", "the culprits ran away....", "no arrests have been made so far...." etc. After this, you don't hear anything about the progress of the police investigation. Even otherwise, proferring complaints with the police is more to satisfy your ego than with any hope of getting back the lost ornaments. The irony of it all is that women just don't learn the right lessons out of all this. Their thirst for more and more golden ornaments can simply not be satiated. I have got an acquaintance who is working in a government office. Every month, she purchases some new item in gold, sometimes it is a necklace, some other time it is a pair of bangles or ear-rings. Visits to social gatherings or a friend's house would be a lack-lustre affair if you didn't parade all golden ornaments in your armoury. No wonder they prove to be sitting ducks in the hands of any potential chain-snatcher. Is it snobbery or daredevilry or an I-don't-care attitude? Something has to be done to stop this craze for gold. As for myself, I wear only my small wedding chain and that too, as unobtrusively as possible.

Sobhana Karunakaran, New Delhi

People are constantly bewailing the ever-escalating price of gold, but it obviously acts as no deterrent to their constant purchases! Nor, it seems, do the daily reports of gold-inspired crimes.

READER'S VOICE

MALE CHAUVINISM

"The Anatomy of Male Chauvinism" by Shakuntala Devi (July 22) is nothing but a one-sided picture similar to those given by communal fanatics. From the dawn of civilisation men and women have lived together as comrades and even during the second and third decades of this century we have seen this comradeship in our family amongst our parents, older brothers and older sisters.

I tell my two daughters, who have been given the maximum education: be equal to anybody, dress as you like, keep your heads high but do not lose self-respect.

Be what God has made you, be feminine. My daughters do not consider that to be a woman is in any way inferior.

I consider women's libbers neo-brahmins of a sort who are creating untouchability of a new order since they do not have love in their hearts but hatred only. Nothing is ever fruitful with hate. It is love which levels up. With love and understanding my late mother levelled up, my wife is levelling up and I hope my daughters also will. There was never and will never be any inferiority complex since love is not inferior but divine.

(M. P. Guha, New Delhi)

WHY STUDENTS WANT TO GO ABROAD

Soma Sen

In India, students almost make a virtue of laziness, of cutting classes, and of being slack in studies. Yet, if given a chance, many of these same students will willingly repeat their graduation all over again in a university abroad and have no hesitation about working twice as hard in those universities. Is this just because of the craze for going abroad or are the returns for their extra time and labour so attractive?

None of the students I interviewed were going abroad on a scholarship. They were paying their way through, but they either hoped to get a scholarship, once abroad, or join the schemes that foreign universities offer students to work and pay for their education. This, of course, meant that these students come from affluent, generally westernised homes and have had a fairly good academic career in India itself.

They are mostly from Elphinstone or St. Xavier's College, Bombay. One thing that all the students I spoke to were unanimous about was their decision to come back to India after studying abroad or maybe working there for a few years. I spoke to students who were just leaving for some foreign country, those who had wanted to go, but eventually were not able to, those who are at present studying there, and those who have just come back.

One of the greatest dreams of most middle-class Indian parents regarding their children is to send them abroad for studies. Of course, only a miniscule percentage can afford it, but a number of children, exceptionally good in studies, have a hope of going abroad to study, right from their school days.

To Ashish Sen of Elphinstone College, the idea or desire to go abroad first came when he had gone to London for a holiday after appearing for his I.S.C. exams. When he went to find out about admissions, the syllabus, etc., he was struck by the beautiful campus. But what was an even more pleasant surprise was the type of professors who interviewed him. From his experience in Bombay, Ashish had been used to anyone with authority, in any set up, gloating over the chance to make you feel that at the moment he has you under his thumb. He went expecting to be bombarded with questions which would be geared to catch him out, from people in black gowns and caps. But the person who interviewed him was casually dressed and actually warm and friendly. He was questioned in a relevant and interesting way.

Another student spoke of the personal note in the letters that the foreign universities send in reply to you. "They really make you feel they want you there, though they've probably sent photostats of the same letter to 600 other people."

When Ashish came back to Bombay and joined Elphinstone, after the initial cheap thrills of bunking classes and the freedom of the college years he got sick of the inane canteen life and the education system which rewarded those who mugged like parrots, and where no justice could be guaranteed. After appearing for his B.A. Part II in History, he is going to the London School of Economics to do his Tripos in the same subject.

Thinking very sceptically that these students going abroad know very little about the courses they are going to take, I asked Ashish for a concrete example of how their course is better than ours. Ashish showed me a paper in Methodology which shows students how to approach a problem or controversy in history. In India, students buy textbooks in which the authors have done all the investigating, discussing and probing — whatever the question may be. Students get marks by simply learning by heart their readymade interpretations. But abroad, this basic work, this investigation, is supposed to be done by the student himself.

Most students spoke of the merits of frequent tutorials, class room discussions, seminars, assignments on which you work independently, audio-visual methods, more practical work, and the year round assessment of marks. Unlike other students, Ashish was going abroad to study for the sake of studying and finally making a career out of academics (he means to come back and start a school in India).

Kalindi Kasbekar, also of Elphinstone College, spoke of wanting to go abroad for the sake of a change from the stagnant and stifling atmosphere of the Bombay University campus. "Everyone is so predictable," she grumbled. "You know exactly what your fellow students are going to say or do. Abroad you are exposed to much more. There is more scope for a varied set of experiences because you come into contact with different people and situations. You move out of the sheltered life you lead here and are absolutely on your own. This helps make you more mature and enriches your personality."

Most Indian students crave to go abroad for further studies— a few because they are genuinely interested in acquiring knowledge, the others because they are sure it will guarantee them executive posts on their return

Another student, R. M., went to the U.S.A. to study because his father got a job with the World Bank. He speaks of leaving India without any regrets and admits that he is somewhat attracted by the glamour that life abroad offered. What did he like especially about the system abroad? Firstly, he says, the efficiency impresses you. The number of teachers is greater and in the University of Toronto, where he is now studying, though in some classes there are a 100 students under one professor, there are also classes with 20 or 30 and tutorial classes of two or three. (This, incidentally, also applies to some Indian colleges.) The staff is well paid, and here, like the other students, R.M. justifies the low calibre of some of our Indian professors by saying they are paid too poorly.

What does he think of the student community there? In the well-known universities, he says, students are intelligent and very much aware of things apart from their subjects. That he says, is because only the best decide to study at that level. In the junior colleges the atmosphere is more like that of a picnic. Most students support themselves while studying and this shows to some extent how keen they are to study. The American students' outlook towards education, as in India, is career-oriented. The bright ones aim at becoming lawyers or doctors — the most paying professions. The majority, however, get an ordinary B. A. and take up other jobs. Students have to work much harder there and it is almost impossible, he says, to do well in studies as well as take part in extra-curricular activities.

Student discussion at a University campus abroad.

Rohita Chaganlal dropped out of Junior B.Sc. from St. Xavier's College when she sat for the Scholastic Aptitude Test and got the opportunity to study in America. Her subject, computer engineering, is only offered by the I.I.T. here and will newly be offered by the University of Bombay too. Like the other students, she said that though the syllabus is the same, the approach is different. There are more research papers, there is practical laboratory work for maths, which there wouldn't be here. Rohita felt very vehemently about two aspects of the Indian system — cheating and a whole career depending on an exam on one particular day. "What happens if you have a headache on that day? Should your whole career be ruined when it's not your fault? Also, there are instances like this one classroom where the superiors had closed the doors and let the students cheat, while just next door a boy got thrown out for cheating."

Rohita was one of the few students who openly admitted that the fact that she could come back to India and get an excellent job was a very important criterion for going abroad. She said, that on coming back she could expect a starting salary of rupees 8,000 from a certain firm. When I raised my eyebrows she claimed that computer engineering is a new line in India and there is no uniform scale of salary. . . I asked her about her own and her parents' views of life abroad. To this she replied, like most upper-middle class girls, "I know how things are there. So I won't get shocked, but I don't think I'll go astray either. My parents have given me a lot of freedom, which I've never misused, so they trust me."

Amitabh Bhattacharjee spent around two and a half years, mainly in Scotland, doing a course in Aircraft Maintenance. Before this he had done a three-year course of basic training at the Air Technical Training Institute in Dum Dum. Among other things, at the Dum Dum institute, teachers are not paid well and perhaps consequently not well qualified. Some get salaries of as little as Rs. 300, paid in irregular measly instalments. The chief advantage of going to do his training abroad was the fact that it guaranteed a licence, which is extremely difficult to get in India. In fact, Amitabh was offered a job with British Airways but he did not get a work permit and had to return to India.

I asked him about the experience of living in the U.K., especially in view of the racial situation there now, etc. According to him, though in Scotland people are very friendly, in London the emphasis on norms was stifling and absurd: "You pay the shop-girl, she says thank you, and then she returns the change and expects you to say thank you, and if you don't they feel you are a boor." Though Amitabh said that racial feelings exist only in places like the East-End, that the enlightened younger generation has no racial prejudices, that racial feelings are enhanced by the fact that the immigrants from rural India keep to their own rigid norms and life-styles and contribute nothing to English society, the idea of living in England did not appeal to him. For one thing, he would never be able to rise beyond a point job-wise because of his colour, for another the immigration problem is mounting and about to explode badly and, thirdly everyone in the West is so indifferent you can lie ill and no one cares that the loneliness can almost kill you.

Another student has just come back from Cambridge after only about three months, for reasons somewhat similar. Students there were so indifferent to forming friendships. He had called a group to his room for tea (something uncommon) and had a good discussion with them. When he met them the next day they did not even seem to recognise him. This must have been a great shock, after Elphinstone, where friends have a greater impact on one than studies or lecturers.

Lastly there was another student called Fazal who, after floating around for a few years in Bombay playing at being student, was going to the States, presumably to carry on doing that more comfortably. He said, he was going to study Business Administration but kept talking about the "material benefits" of being a student abroad. You have an air conditioner, a phone. But even a person like him spoke of wanting to come back eventually.

I decided to discuss this topic with a professor. Miss Sonu Kapadia of the English Department of Elphinstone College said foreign universities weren't as great as some make it out to be and not really that different. The chief difference is that there is no formal exam — one just takes up a topic and does research on it. Why don't they introduce such methods here? Miss Kapadia felt that Indian students were not used to working independently in this way and would not be able to cope. Also, she said universities don't have the finance to employ more teachers.

Students will continue going abroad for a number of reasons. So long as our own education system remains based on a decadent version of the British system, with the vices of corruption, inefficiency, lack of dedication added to it, students will want to enjoy the benefits of better education. Once abroad attitudes change. These students now vehemently talking about sentimental attractions to India may develop stronger ties with an alien country and the brain drain will continue. Added to this is the problem of unemployment which leads students abroad to find jobs for themselves there. But what does it mean? That the section of youth which would have got jobs anyway gets better jobs abroad? That those who would have bought flats here, get flats furnished with television sets, telephones, airconditioners? To the rest, what difference does it make?

THE ADVENTURE OF STUDYING

The reminiscences of two men who went abroad for further studies — one to Toronto and the other to England — in the days of yore when studying abroad was a rare privilege reserved for a very few select students

The prospect of going overseas for higher studies — what great excitement it was in those days! And to what absurd lengths people went to get that experience somehow! My friend was a First Class B.Sc. (Hons) in Chemistry from the Madras University — in those days there could not be more than six such in any one year in the whole of South India, because only the Presidency College offered that course and the maximum number they would take in any one year was six.

Even so, my friend wanted to crown his academic distinction with something that was then supposed to be greater still — at least a year of studies in a Western university! There were the Colombo Plan scholarships, and he applied for one. He got selected to go to Canada. And, imagine what he found in the fairy land of Canada — a year's training in poultry farming! I suppose he applied his First Class B.Sc. (Hons) chemistry for the proper analysis and improvement of chicken feed!

That, by the way, is only the introduction to my own saga of study abroad. I had done M.A. in English Literature in the Madras Christian College and had secured second rank in the University. In fact, I had even been appointed lecturer in English in a college a full month before the publication of the results of the M.A. degree examinations. And yet, all that was nothing in comparison with the glory that would be mine if I had a foreign degree!

My good friend had that in mind when he himself went to Canada. Sure enough, the quality of his intelligence and personality brought him recognition among some University men in Toronto. At the appropriate time, he put in a word for me, and there, almost out of the blue, I had a letter offering me a scholarship which would meet my expenses for a year at Toronto University! I had only to find the travelling money. That was a snag. I just didn't have enough money (earned by myself) to be spent for the travel to Canada, and I decided to explore all possible ways of obtaining the cheapest passage to North America.

Inter-continental travel by air was very new in those days immediately after the Second World War and only very wealthy people could afford it. So I settled for sailing on a ship. After a great deal of wasted postage, I finally got in touch with a good man in Thos Cooks, Madras, bless his soul! He got me a passage from Colombo to Boston by a cargo ship for only Rs. 1250.

You might be inclined to sneer at my going to North America as part of the luggage on a cargo ship. But as a matter of fact, it was not only not that bad, it was a positive windfall, as I found out later. S.S. Mahronda of the Brocklebank line of British cargo ships was taking passengers for the first time and so they were giving a concession passage to their first batch of four passengers. As there was no separate dining room in that ship for ordinary passengers, the four of us, their first passengers, ate at the same table as the ship's Captain and officers! That was real luxury, and I shall never forget the fact that during the 24 days it took us to cover the distance between Colombo and Boston I gained 20 lbs. in weight!

It was early August when we sailed through the Arabian Sea, and the South-West monsoon was at its heaviest. The ship pitched and rolled like a piece of loose timber and we thought we were going to die. In the next three days my fear that I might die turned into a fear that I might **not** die! Life was worse than death in that angry sea. What a relief it was at last to get into the Gulf of Aden and away from the fury of the monsoon!

Compared with the turbulence of the Arabian Sea, the leisurely passage through the Suez Canal and later the absolute calm that prevailed over the Mediterranean were real experiences of heaven on earth.

On the deck most of the time, in comfortable deck chairs, I enjoyed reading a history of the United States beginning with the days of Columbus, and the book "My India, My America," by Krishnalal Sidhereni (spelling correct?), a journalist associate in Mahatma Gandhi's struggle for Indian independence, who had been working in America to educate American public opinion about the realities in India.

That reading was good home work, and it gave me a great advantage over many other foreign students in the University of Toronto when at last I got there and secured registration for a Master's degree.

How supinely we Indians accepted the judgement of Anglo-Saxon universities in the West that even a good M.A. from the Madras University was less than one of their B.A.s and that we had to prove by answering special tests that we could aspire for registration even as mere candidates for studies leading to their M.A. degree!

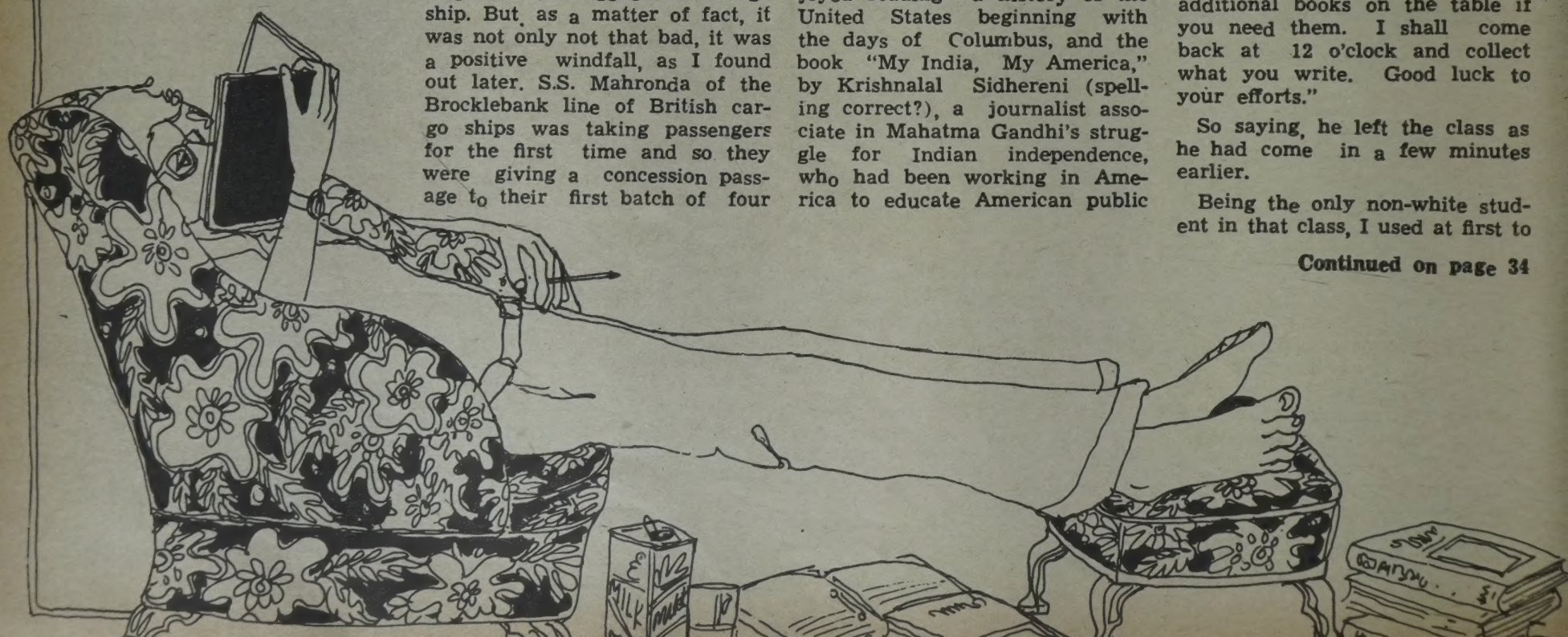
I had my revenge, though, when at the end of the first semester we had an examination for the course on the English Novel, which I had taken. Professor Fischer of Victoria College was an unusual type of examiner, that is, in my eyes as an Indian student.

It was to be a three-hour examination. At 9 a.m. sharp, Professor Fischer strode into the class of about 35 students, distributed the answer books with the Victoria College heading printed at the top of the first page, and then announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have been reading and thinking about a number of authors and books in this course on the English Novel. Will you now choose one author or book that you really want to think further about? And then, during the next three hours, write out your thoughts in those answer books. There are additional books on the table if you need them. I shall come back at 12 o'clock and collect what you write. Good luck to your efforts."

So saying, he left the class as he had come in a few minutes earlier.

Being the only non-white student in that class, I used at first to

Continued on page 34



ABROAD IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

In the 1930s it was considered an honour to go abroad. I remember my parents were more excited about it than I was, as I stood on the deck of the "Naldera", which was to carry me to England. I still remember a feeling of acute home-sickness gripping me even before the ship left the port.

In those days, a student's one-way ticket for economy class cost only £19 (about Rs. 250). Sea travel was more convenient than air. The only air-line I recall was the Imperial Airways (the predecessors of B.O.A.C. now British Airways), whose services were extremely limited and frightfully expensive.

To give a bit of my background —I was a student of Fergusson College and had taken my degree in Science at the age of 19 and was to go to Trinity College at Cambridge to continue my studies. At that time, India was seething with political unrest and Mahatma Gandhi's Civil Disobedience Movement had kindled patriotic fervour in our youth. It was considered an honour to wear the Gandhi cap and make a bonfire of the Union Jack and foreign articles. We felt all the more daring as our college authorities had threatened to rusticate us if we did so.

I must confess that before leaving India I had a very hazy notion of England and Englishmen in general. Whatever little knowledge I had of them was through seeing and meeting Europeans in India. Conditions were very different in those days, and as India was ruled by the British, Indians looked up to them, but they were by no means the best representatives of their country.

My first actual contact with them began on my sea voyage. They kept to themselves and did not mix with the Indians until the ship reached the Suez. Then the whole atmosphere was changed and there was fraternal mingling of all passengers on board. Perhaps the fact that India and other countries to the east of the Suez were being ruled by their Empire had much to do with this phenomenon.

To help us while away the time, the ship arranged all sorts of games such as deck tennis, deck quoits, ball badminton (shuttlecocks had just been introduced) and ping-pong (now called table tennis). But these outdoor games were difficult to play as it was the height of the monsoon, in ed by extraordinarily large waves all the way to Aden. There was ball-room dancing in the evenings, which was quite a novel thing for us Indians.

Our trip from Bombay to London lasted about nineteen days. Once in London, I spent nearly a month with my uncle as the Michaelmas term had yet to start in Cambridge.

My uncle was a typical product of the Indian Civil Service and was a stickler for what he considered to be proper conduct. One day, I had removed my jacket and was only in my shirtsleeves and waistcoat. He objected most strongly and said, "Wear your coat! This is not done in polite English circles!"

After a month in London, I went on to Cambridge, which is about 130 miles from London. I have nostalgic memories of a Cambridge full of greenery, with its parks of weeping willows, dandelions and daffodils and its 40-odd colleges spread over a wide area on both sides of the River Cam. Throughout my three years in Cambridge, I stayed in private "diggin's" or "digs" as I preferred living in such "digs" to staying in the Cambridge hostels.

Only two colleges were for girls — "Girton" and "Newnham". There was no organized women's liberation movement in those days and girls were "tolerated" in the University. They could attend lectures with men, in colleges which were co-educational, but at the end of their course, they were only given certificates and not degrees, unlike the men.

Our lectures began at 7.30 in the morning and lasted till noon. As soon as one lecture was over, I had to rush out, mount my bicycle and pedal very fast to the other college to be in time for my next lecture.

In those days, discipline was very strict in Cambridge. Attendance was compulsory and so was dining in the college "halls" as they were called. Wearing our black "squares" and gowns while attending classes as well as when going out at night was mandatory. One evening I had forgotten my cap at my digs and was caught by the "bulldog" (as the warden was called) and warned. A student could be rusticated ("sent down") for such an offence.

I found Cambridge changed on my subsequent visits in 1954 and 1962 — the atmosphere was much more informal. The English "Cheerio" and "Hello, old chap" had by then given way to more American ways of greeting.

Though I had been warned about racism, I had no experience of it throughout my three years' stay in England. The English were like their weather — cold and reserved at first and very friendly once you got to know them. The first time I saw a group of English students sitting together in the Cambridge grounds, all I could see was a sea of white faces! I just could not distinguish one from the other. But I soon got to know them individually.

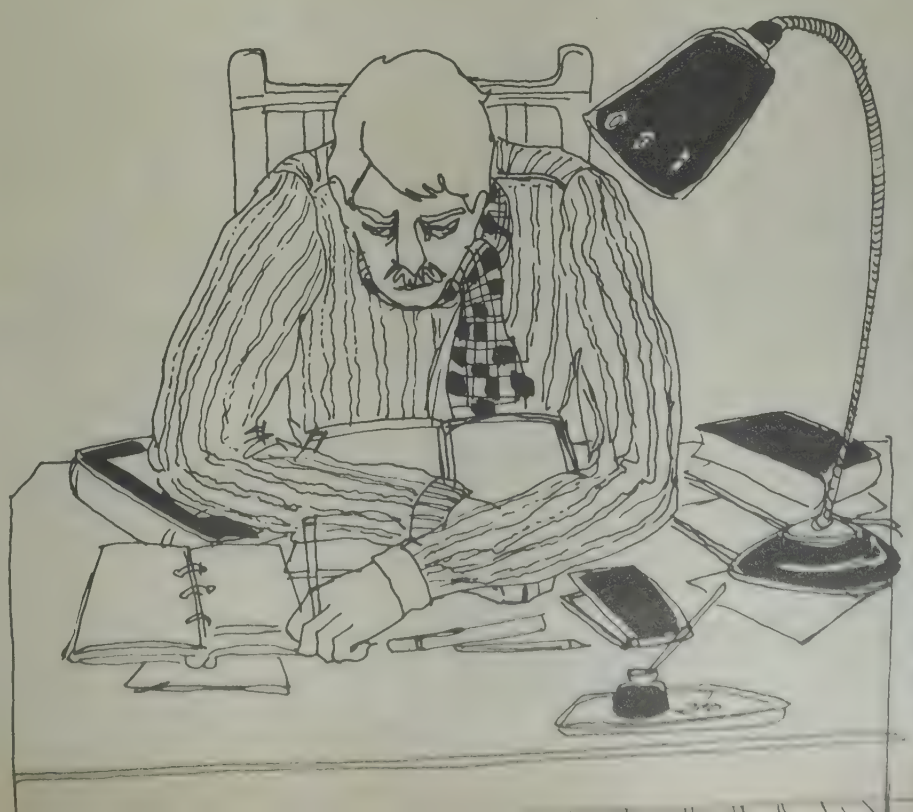
Cambridge had a lot of cultural activities. The Cambridge Students Union arranged a lot of debates and speeches every Saturday evening. During my time, Haile Sellasie, then Emperor of Ethiopia, in exile, gave a speech. Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose addressed the "Indian Majlis" — our club, whose President at that time was the late Mohan Kumaramangalam.

Sundays in England were very dull in those days — it was Sabbath day, and everything was closed, including cinema halls and theatres. So once, when one of my colleagues suggested attending church, I readily agreed to do so, having always been religious since childhood. We went to the Christian Spiritualistic Church, where I had my first extra-sensory experience.

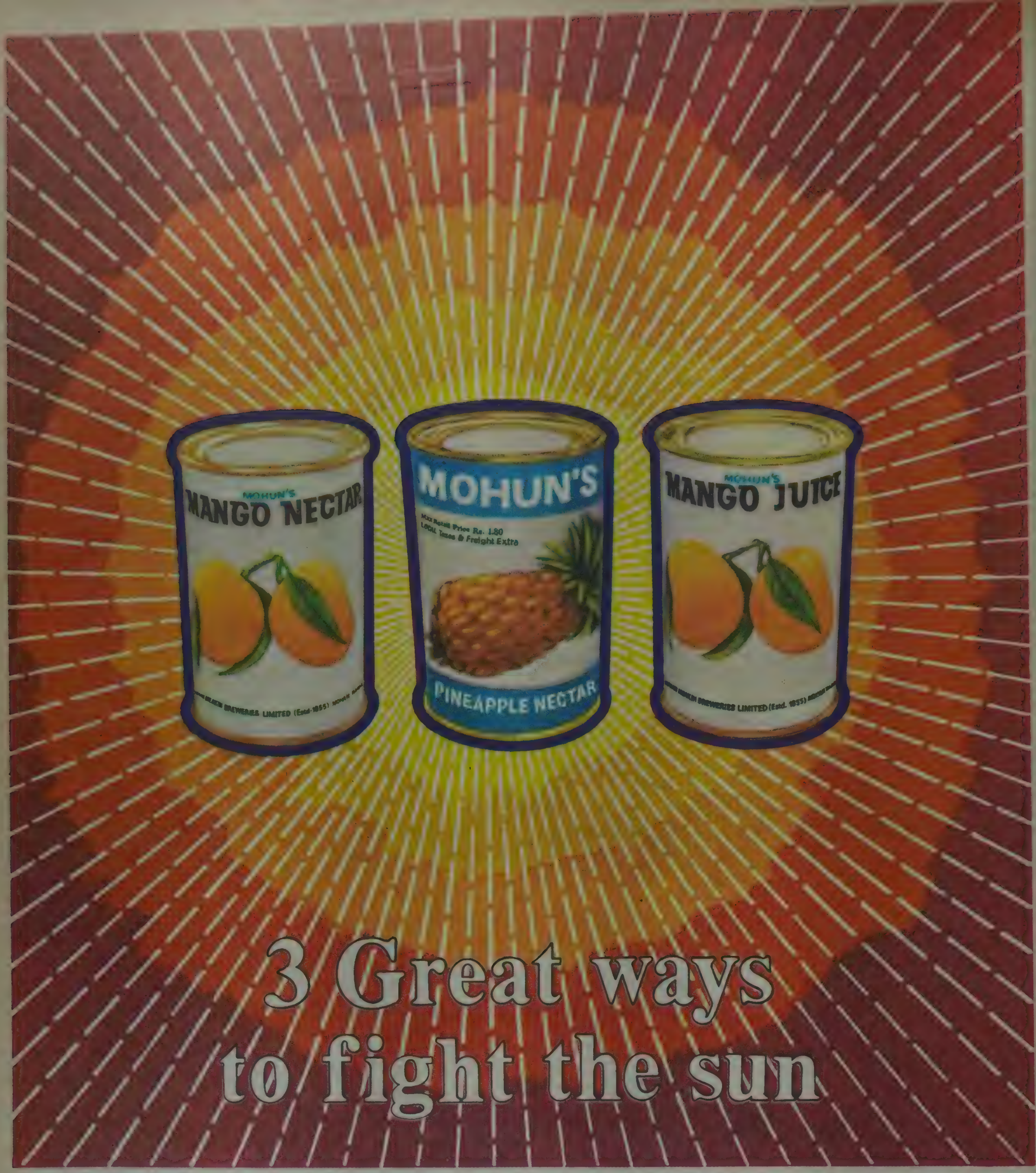
There were about 50-odd people assembled there and soon the lights were dimmed and an old lady in a trance, singing hymns, emerged from a side door. Different voices — cultured, rough, young, old — began speaking from within her one at a time (there were no taperecorders in those days).

One very strong and forceful voice proclaiming that he was the famous "Red Cloud" (a Red Indian Chief) made grim prophesies. He said that in a year's time (it was then 1938), there would be a second world war which would last for about six years and cause devastation all over the world. "Horror Weapons" would be unleashed. All this, so that the old and decaying order could be replaced by the new.

At the end of this prophesy, he gave individual messages to some people in the church, including me. He addressed me as "Brother from the East" and made some predictions which have come true over the course of the years.



N. S. Savur



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ENCOUNTERS

SHE WAS RICH — TOO RICH TO BE POLITE TO A SHOP-OWNER, EVEN IF THEY HAD BEEN CLASSMATES — BUT HER GIGOLO DEMOLISHED HER ARROGANCE

Subhadra Sen Gupta

THE lead grey rain clouds outside made the shop with its racks of books and warm light on wood panelling seem very cosy and protected. It was empty except for a dark bespectacled girl browsing among the Penguin paperbacks. I was leaning on the counter checking orders for greeting cards and journals. Mira was in the back room having her lunch. She owned this shop which sold stationery, brushes, paints, canvases and books. It was one of the best shops in the city and since the death of her husband the year before, Mira had been trying to run it, her teenage son still being in school. I was the hired help.

Just then a sleek, pale cream Toyota came to a stop at the shop door. A woman and a young man slid out and ran into the shop through the misty drizzle.

The woman was nearing forty, with a soft, fair body fattening at the waist, draped in a chiffon sari. The lady matched the car. The skilful make-up which nearly hid the wrinkles and pouches, and the perfume which filled the shop, probably came in bottles worth my whole month's salary. She gave a slow look around and then drifted toward the bookshelves.

The young man I had at first surmised to be her son, but at close quarters he was a bit too old to be that. In his mid-twenties, he was dressed in a carefully faded pair of jeans and a sweatshirt with the emblem of an obscure American University stamped on it. Long, lank hair fell over dark lidded eyes and his full lipped mouth was rather sullen as he scowled at me and asked to see some paint brushes.

I brought them out and was producing the paint catalogue when a stronger wave of the perfume enveloped us and a bored voice said languidly, "Darling, have you found everything you need?"

The young man ignored her, and so she queried again, touching his arm with purple painted fingernails, "Ricky dear?"

Ricky dear muttered inaudibly in reply.

Mira had finished her meal and came into the shop munching her after-lunch paan. The Toyota lady wanted to see some notepaper, while Ricky wanted canvases, so I called Mira over to help. She came to a standstill opposite the lady, her brows furrowing in thought, and then said with a smile, "Kapila, isn't it?"

The lady gave her a blank look.

"I am Mira," she said, "Remember, we were classmates in college? You were. . .?" but she was cut short peremptorily.

"Possible," said the lady, clipped word followed by a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Though frankly I don't remember knowing any Mira in college." She ended the kind statement with a frigid smile. Mira looked crestfallen and then, without another word, started making out the cash memo.

Ricky had made a neat pile of paints, charcoal, brushes, and canvas on the counter. I started packing them and Kapila, opening a crocodile leather purse, paid the bill. Then with Ricky carrying the parcels, silent as before and Kapila talking vivaciously, they walked out of the shop. The car slid away. Mira and I looked at each other.

"She's rich, I run a shop," she said succinctly.

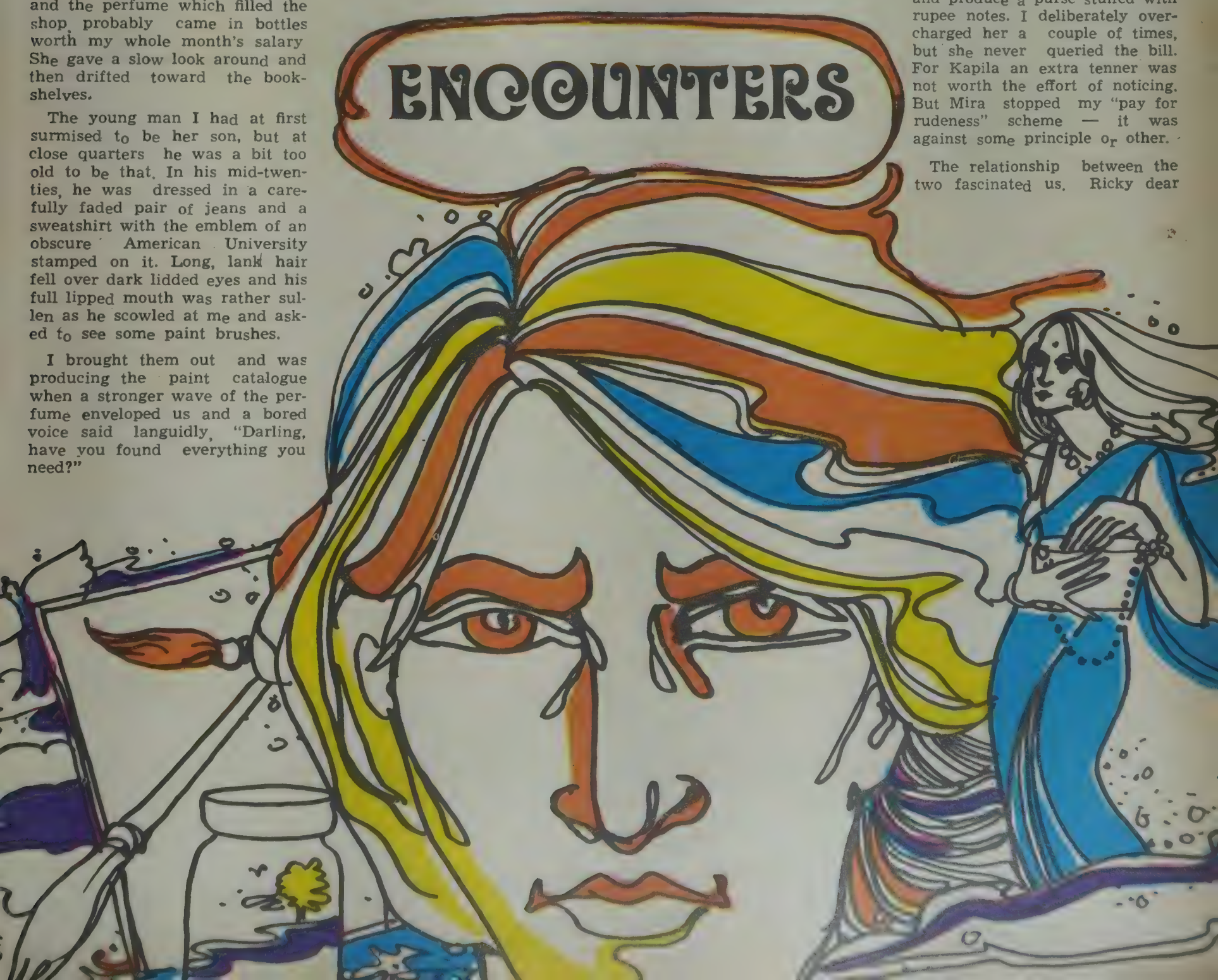
"And who's Ricky dear?" I asked.

"Friend?" Mira's eyes gleamed wickedly. "Very good friend?"

In a few months Kapila and Ricky had become regular customers. At every visit the same routine would be repeated. Ricky concentrated on the art material, making me get the most expensive ones and buying in bulk — price no consideration. Meanwhile, a patently bored Kapila would roam around the shop flipping through books and fingering stationery she seldom bought. Ricky would collect the parcels from the cash desk and walk away, while Kapila would make the payment. If Mira was working around the shop, Kapila would pointedly ignore her, always approaching me instead. As if Mira was waiting to ambush her among the book-racks!

When I presented the bill she would glance at it indifferently and produce a purse stuffed with rupee notes. I deliberately overcharged her a couple of times, but she never queried the bill. For Kapila an extra tenner was not worth the effort of noticing. But Mira stopped my "pay for rudeness" scheme — it was against some principle or other.

The relationship between the two fascinated us. Ricky dear



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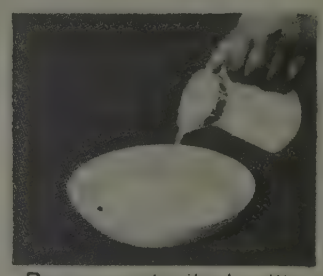
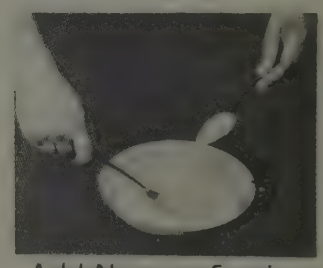
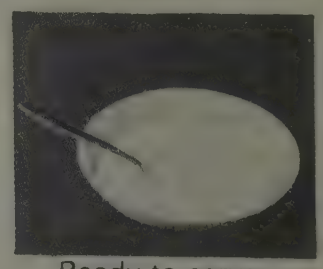


Pour pre-boiled milk



Add Nestum & mix



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was taciturn and gloomy. His morose self-contained air was in the "tense artistic soul" style.

Between them, Kapila used to do all the talking. As if to balance Ricky's monumental silence, she kept up a constant chatter, teasing, with a lot of flirtatious rippling laughter and incongruous girlish giggles, which only occasionally produced a slight smile on his morose countenance. At times Ricky would be quite rude, but sometimes he would be mellow enough to stroll around with her among the book-racks and help her choose greeting cards. Very rarely would he relax enough to laugh at Kapila's constant witticisms, and when he did, Mira and I would look at each other in astonishment.

One October morning, just as Kapila and Ricky were leaving, two middle-aged ladies entered the shop. At the door the two pairs met and all came to a standstill. The solidly fat lady with a battle-axe face and a bosom as formidable as a Patton tank, spoke first. "Why, Kapila! What are you doing here?"

At the sudden encounter, Kapila seemed to lose some of her frigid self-possession. She smiled in a bared-teeth sort of way and then, pointing vaguely towards Ricky who stood calmly beside her, said, "Oh, just shopping. You know Ricky, he is an artist."

Ricky, looking at some fascinating invisible object a few inches above their heads, did not hear. The other lady, thin and supercilious, with a string of large pearls around her scrawny throat, looked Ricky all over, up and down and then up again. A lorgnette would have suited her and, smiling a frosty smile, she drawled icily, "Of course, Kapila. I have heard before of how you encourage artists."

A bit flustered at the inspection and the comment, Kapila nodded hurriedly and, giving a quick, desperate glance at the indifferent young man beside her, walked swiftly towards her car. Ricky, carrying the parcels, a disdainful look on his face, followed with cool measured steps. The two women kept standing at the shop door watching them go.

Later, they stood before me, flipping through knitting books and discussing the morning encounter with relish. It had made their day. Voices almost tremulous in sympathy for the absent husband, they kept on repeating how shocked they were. According to Mira, it was not really Kapila who had aroused their indignation, but Ricky. He had obviously put their backs up by his superior air of indifference.

So they shook their heads in sorrow at the moral decline of the young, their lack of self- respect and simple good manners. Then they bought two pattern books and left hurriedly for a coffee party, where they obviously hoped to produce their pearls of gossip and astound everyone. Kapila, I thought, was quite capable of defending herself at a crunch, but I nearly felt sorry for Ricky dear. I woke from my reverie to find a boy standing before the counter patiently repeating his request for foolscap sheets.

One winter evening a couple of months later, it was nearly closing time, with a smoky cold dark world outside the lighted shop window. The familiar cream Toyota came into view and I made a face at Mira. We were trying to get through a last-minute rush of customers. It had been a busy day with both of us rushed off our feet, and neither of us relished the prospect of carrying more heavy boxes. My aching legs had become stiff.

I looked up to see the pair heading towards the greeting card rack and then went back to adding up the cash memos. The shop was gradually quietening, disturbed only by the rustle of paper as Mira packed the purchases. Suddenly everyone was startled by a woman's low but penetrating voice saying sharply, "How dare you!"

We all looked towards the card rack where, framed by the shop windows, Kapila and Ricky stood tensely, facing each other. Kapila looked murderously angry, her face mottled and flushed, eyes wide, fists clenched around the handle of her handbag as she continued to speak in a sibilant furious whisper. Ricky stood staring back at her, eyeball to eyeball, hands thrust deep into his pockets, looking both rebellious and sullen. They seemed to be quite unconscious of the people watching. There was something akin to hate in the two set, enraged faces.

Ricky said in a voice that verged on shouting. "So what? You don't own me."

Kapila's voice was audible again. "Don't I?" she said in a voice trembling with fury. "Why do you think. . ."

Ricky interrupted her again, his eyes narrowed, lips twisted in sarcasm. "Why do you? Who asked you to?" He laughed. "You have so much money. Go buy yourself another."

Then Kapila slapped him. A nice hefty swing, with the full power of the arm behind it. The sound of the slap seemed to reverberate around the silent shop as Mira and I looked at each other in panic.

Ricky had stiffened at the attack, but did not retaliate. His left cheek had paled and then reddened and his jaws were clamped down hard. Then, as if breaking from a spell, he whirled around and picking up a heavy marble pen holder from a nearby counter, he hurled it at one of the glass showcases, the glass smashing and starring with a hundred cracks. Before we could say anything he had turned on his heels and rushed out of the shop.

At this sudden violence, Kapila seemed to become conscious of her surroundings. She stared aghast at the broken glass case, eyes widening in horror as she put a trembling handkerchief to her mouth. She turned her face away and stood with her back to the shop.

Looking at the shattered glass and mentally calculating the damage, I was preparing to approach Kapila for payment, but Mira stopped me, muttering, "Let the customers go first."

So we hurried through the last of the packing and a subdued bunch of customers quickly left.

Mira looked embrassed and irresolute. We stood nervously staring at Kapila, whose shoulders shook spasmodically. Just what I need after a full day's work, I thought savagely — a weeping female and Mira playing Florence Nightingale. But as we watched, Kapila seemed to check herself. The shoulders straightened, she wiped her eyes and then turned back to face us. In the last devastating moments, her face had broken and sagged, the eyes rimmed and exhausted, the skin lined and tense. She looked haggard and old. But her walk was proud as before, the back straight and her expression was controlled and bland.

She came to a standstill before Mira and looked her straight in the eye as if challenging her to comment. Mira returned the look seriously but stayed silent.

"Hello, Mira," Kapila said huskily, and then clearing her throat, continued, "I'm sorry for the damage. I'll pay for the broken glass. Will this be enough?"

She opened her purse with fingers that trembled slightly and bringing out a couple of hundred rupee notes dropped them on the cash table. Mira glanced down at the money and then nodded. Kapila looked at her for a moment and then, resolute and self-possessed, she walked out.

Throughout the encounter, Mira had not uttered a word, and I think Kapila had been grateful for the silence.

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MATERIALS:

Knitting Cotton: 9 balls each White and Red 46, 2 balls Blue 134, crochet hook no. 14.

MEASUREMENTS:

Plate mat — 45 cms. x 31 cms., glass mat — 13 cms. x 13 cms. and centre piece — 54 cms. x 35 cms.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ch. = chain; s.s. = slip stitch; dbl. tr = double treble; dc. = double crochet; rep. = repeat; sts. = stitches; sp. = space; alt. = alternate; R.T.F. = Relief tr. front (tr. worked round the st. from front); R.T.B. = Relief tr. back (tr. worked round the st. from back).

Red Diamond:

With Red thread work 4 ch., s.s. in first ch. to form a ring.

1st round: 4 ch., 2 dbl. tr. in the ring, (2 ch., 3 dbl. tr. in the ring) 3 times, 2 ch., s.s. to top of 4 ch., s.s. in each of next 2 dbl. tr. and 1 ch.

2nd round: 2 ch., 2 tr. in next 2 ch. sp., 2 ch., 3 tr. in same sp., * 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., (3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr.) in next sp., rep. from * twice more, 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 s.s. in each of next 3 sts. and in next ch.

3rd round: 2 ch., 2 tr. in sp., 1 ch., 3 tr. in same sp., * 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts., (3 tr. 1 ch., 3 tr.) in next sp., rep. from * twice more 1 R.T.B. in each next 3 sts., 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts., 1 s.s. in each of next 3 sts.

4th round: 3 dc. in next 1 ch. sp., * (1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts.) twice, 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 3 dc. in next sp., rep. from * twice more, (1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts.) twice, 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts.) twice, 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts.) twice, 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.B. in each of next 3 sts., 1 R.T.F. in each of next 3 sts.

5th round: 1 dc. in next dc., 3 dc. in next dc. (1 dc. in each st. along the side, 3 dc. in centre dc. of corner) 3 times, 1 dc. in each dc. along the side, s.s. to first dc., fasten off.

Similarly work 7 other Red diamonds.

Multicoloured Diamond:

With White thread work 20 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, join Blue thread, 1 Blue dc. in next ch., pick up White thread 1 White tr. in each of next 2 ch., * 1 Blue dc. in each of next 2 ch., 1 White tr. in each of next 2 ch., rep. from * end with 2 White tr., join Red thread, 1 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 Red dc. in next White tr., pick up Blue thread, * 1 Blue tr. in each of next 2 sts., 1 Red dc. in each of next 2 sts. (carry White thread along at the back) rep. from * to end, 2 ch. (Red) turn.

3rd row: 1 Red tr. in next st. (2 tr. including ch.), * 1 White dc. in each of next 2 sts., 1 Red tr. in each of next 2 sts., rep. from * to end, pick up Blue thread, 1 ch., turn.

4th row: As 2nd row, but work Blue dc. instead of Red dc., and White tr. for Blue tr., 2 ch., turn.

5th row: As 3rd row, working Blue for Red and Red for White pick up White thread, 1 ch., turn.

6th row: As 2nd row, working White for Red and Red for Blue, 2 ch., turn. Rep. 1st to 6th rows once more, fasten off Red and Blue threads and work with White thread only, working a round of dc., working 17 dc. along each side and 3 dc. in each corner st., s.s. to first ch. fasten off.

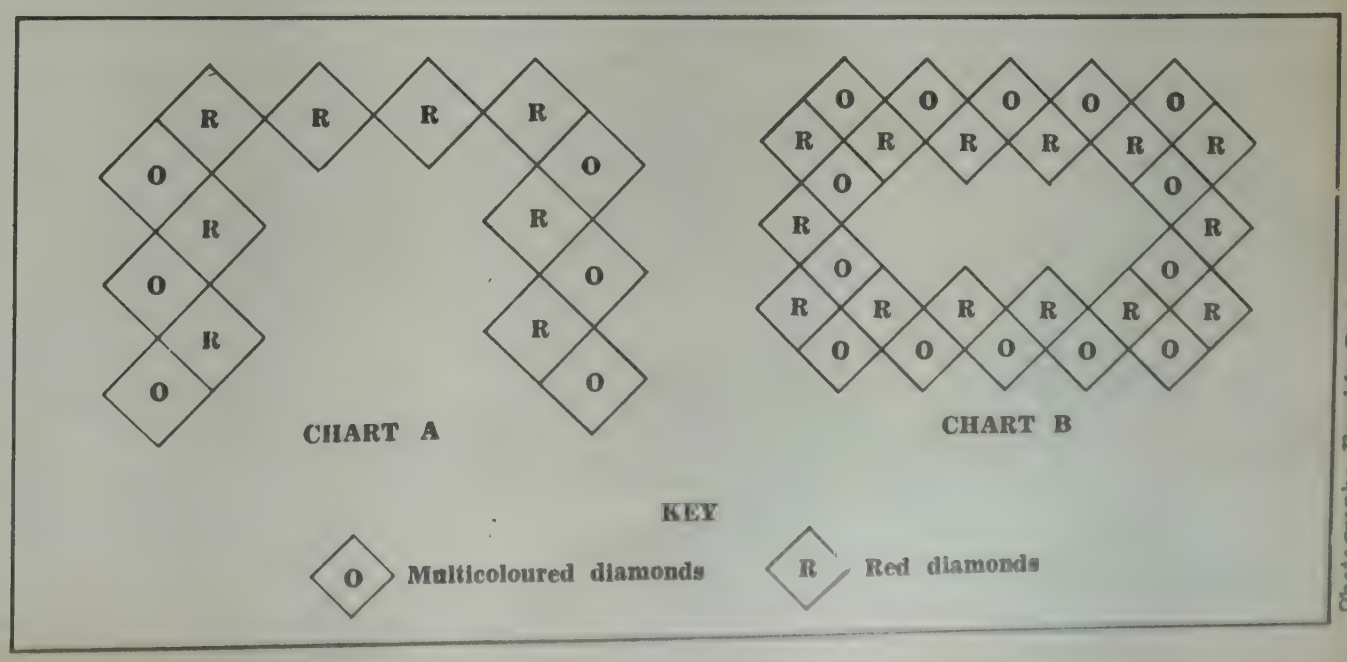
Plate mat:

With White thread work 5 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in next ch., 2 ch., turn (3 sts.).

2nd row: 1 tr. in next st., 3 tr. and 1 dbl. tr. in last st. (for

Continued on page 45



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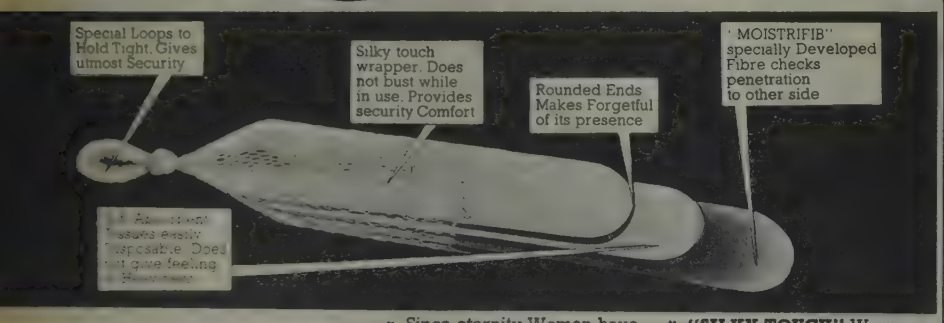
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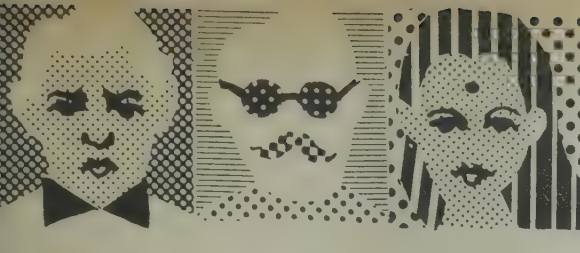
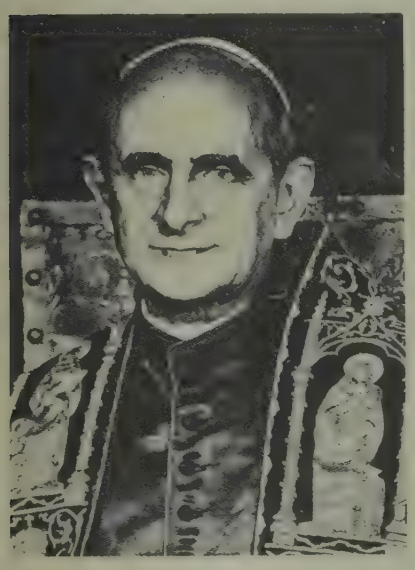


people known

During his 15 years in office as the supreme authority of the 540 million Catholics of the world, the late **Pope Paul VI** combined caution with reform in facing the wind of change that blew strongly in all human affairs. While he permitted meat eating on Fridays, and liturgy in local languages, he refused to compromise on birth control, priests marrying, ordaining women, liberalising divorce.

But whatever criticism this evoked from conservative Car-



dinals at one end and liberals at the other, personally he was a very loved and respected man.

He was the first Pope to travel abroad and his three-day visit to Bombay, when President Radhakrishnan, ignoring protocol, came to the city to welcome him, was an event which every Indian Catholic remembers with pride and awe.

* * *

From being an unknown housewife, wife of an obscure British railway worker, **Mrs. Lesley Brown** leapt to the front pages of newspapers the world over when she delivered the first ever test-tube baby on the night of July 25, the most sensational obstetric event since the birth of the Dionne quintuplets in 1934.

The technique evolved and process adopted read like some thing out of science fiction. Dr. Patrick Steptoe, gynaecologist, and Dr. Robert Edwards, a physiologist, fed Mrs. Brown with hormones to help her produce the ovum. This was mixed with Mr. Brown's sperm in a test-tube. When microscopic examination showed that the egg was fertilised, it was transferred to another test tube filled with nutrients.

This was kept in a dark room at a constant temperature and the chromosomes were constantly checked to see that the genetic code was working and the cells dividing normally. After four and half days, the embryo, 00253 mm in size, was implanted in Mrs. Brown's uterus.

Now the Browns are not only proud and happy parents, but also affluent because Britain's Associated Newspapers Group Ltd., which owns "The Daily Mail" of London, has paid them 600,000 dollars for exclusive rights to the story of this triumph of science over nature. They are expected to receive 400,000 dollars more from world wide syndication.

* * *

Dr. Kota Shivarama Karanth, the winner of India's highest literary honour, the Jnana Pith Award for the year 1977 for his Kannada novel "Mookajjiya Kanasugalu" (The dumb old woman's dreams) can well be described as a truly protean genius. Although his most notable achievement has been in Kannada literature, there are few fields in the world of Art that he has not embellished with his imagination, restless, probing mind and creative talent.

Decades ago he produced two Kannada films, taught dancing, staged dramas, gave to the crude, bucolic bayalata of his district a touch of artistry and wider appeal, and made Yakshagana a real art of song and speech, which won applause from sophisticated city audiences.

In 1958 he won the Sahitya Akademi Award for his "Yakshagana Bayalata" and in 1960 the Swedish Akademi Folk Dance Award. In 1968 he was the recipient of the Padma Bhushan, which he returned during the emergency as a protest against tyranny.

His "Chomana Dudi" was made into a film by his namesake B. V. Karanth, and won the Best Motion Picture award in 1977 and also won the Best Story award for Dr. Karanth. He has now produced a new Kannada film, "Maleya Makkalu".

* * *

The arrest of **Mr. Jeremy Thorpe**, former leader of the Liberal party of Britain, on a charge of conspiring to murder male model Norman Scott will cause an even worse political upheaval than the Profumo scandal did a few years ago. While the sexual aberrations of Mr. Profumo, Defence Minister in the then Tory government, with Christine Keeler, was a scandal and affected only the individual concerned and led to his resignation, Mr. Thorpe's is a crime and will affect the fortunes of the entire Liberal party.

Mr. Thorpe's arrest will affect the fortunes of the Labour party, too, as Prime Minister Callaghan was hoping that in the next election which he had been planning to hold in October, the Liberal party would take away a substantial number of votes from the Conservatives.

But whatever Mr. Thorpe's fate — whether a fine, first

rate leader is to be sacrificed at the altar of sexual prejudice, which drives a homosexual to crime — one thing stands out — the country's uncompromising sense of justice. No one is too high, too powerful, or too influential to sidetrack the majestic march of the law. This truly is equality before the law in action, although the wrong man has been caught in a web of intrigue.

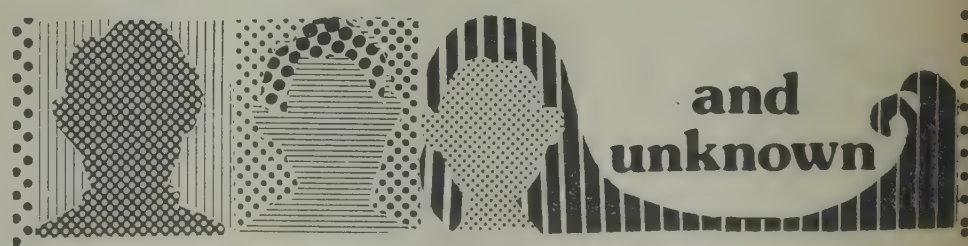
* * *

No game can look more sedate than chess — just moving black and white pieces over black and white squares. But some players can be as temperamental and high strung as a prima donna as was shown during the Spassky-Bobby Fischer duel in 1972.

But **Victor Korchnoi**, the challanger of the world champion, 27-year old Anatoly Karpov, seems to be temperamental to the point of being paranoid. He is an intense, bitter, 47-year-old Russian defector, now living in Switzerland.

Korchnoi wears reflecting glasses because, he complains, Karpov has penetrating eyes and stares at him over the chess board to hypnotise him. Later, when Karpov was handed a glass of yoghurt, there was a shrill protest that it was a coded message to Karpov to offer a draw.

So far, of the eight games played, seven have been drawn and one won by Karpov. As six games have to be won by one of the contenders to be declared world chess champion, the contest is expected to last a few months.



India has not exactly been in the forefront in winning the Nobel Prize in any field of activity. But it cannot be ascribed to lack of talent. Perhaps lack of opportunity, lack of encouragement, lack of facilities, are the reasons for this. Because we certainly do not lack Nobel Prize timber.

Take young Rajendra Kashinath Shimpi — an 18-year-old student at the B. J. Medical College, Pune. Son of a police officer, he won the second prize for Science in S.S.C, the President's award for analytical work on the sands of Pondicherry, devised a fire sensing instrument and analysed the tobacco mosaic virus, and sent reports on it to various microbiological institutes.

And now he has propounded a genetic theory that it is possible to modify the genetic code of the DNA and minimise certain genetic errors which distort the human personality. He has sent his thesis to the University of California for a doctorate.

Impressive? But that is not all. His interests include drawing, mountaineering, social service, drama and historical research. He helped in deciphering Pali inscriptions.

His future career should be of interest to all those who are concerned about Indian youth.

Compiled by K. S. Rao

COTTON

COORDINATES

inoo Vacha

When the grass is green and flowers bloom with freshness— that's the time to dress up your girls in bright colourful cotton dresses with frills and lace trimmings.

LEFT TO RIGHT

An aqua blue dress has shoulder pleats which are caught by a colourful braid.

A red cotton maxi has bright yellow braid and tucks at yoke. Hemline, neck and sleeve edges are trimmed with delicate frills.

This little dress in yellow ties at sides and has a gay applique motif on bodice front and broad rick-racks on the skirt edge.

A smart combination in red and navy blue has a two-piece skirt with frills and matching shirt with an applique motif in front.

A striped skirt with delicate lace trimmings on pockets and skirt edge, has a simple blouse in pink to match.

true confession

I LIED TO KEEP MY LOVER AND LOST HIM

I first saw him when I went to the local school to fetch Tinu. He was running a temperature and the teacher phoned to say I had better take Tinu home right away. The school grounds were empty of children because the bell had drawn them within. I found Tinu red-eyed and restless, sitting on his teacher's lap in the staff room.

"Oh, Mrs. Nand," she said to me, breaking into a wide smile, "I'm so glad you've come. Now I can go back to my class."

"Mummy," cried Tinu and came into my arms. I touched his hot brow with my cheek and wrapped him snugly in the shawl I had carried with me. Suddenly I felt dreadfully alone and defenceless. It had been so different with Ranjan beside me, so many issues had resolved themselves out effortlessly. Now, even carrying the child to the waiting taxi seemed so tedious that I gasped with the strain. I put him down halfway across the grounds but he refused to walk and held up his arms to be carried. A four-year-old who's sick can be intensely cranky and unreasonable.

"Come on, Tinu," I pleaded. "It's just a few steps to the taxi." He howled on, oblivious of my entreaties. Perhaps the fever had drained out his energy.

I began to walk away from him, hoping he would follow but he sat down on the ground and howled louder. A shadow fell across my path. I looked up and saw a man standing there — tall and personable, with a slight tilt to his eyes and a disarming smile.

"May I help?" he asked courteously.

"It. . . it's my son. . ." I fumbled, feeling like a sadist now for having left Tinu sitting on the dust.

"I know," he said softly. "I've been watching."

"He took ill suddenly and the teacher phoned. . ."

"I know," he said, lifting up the little boy in his powerful arms. "I was standing outside the staff room but maybe you didn't notice."

"No," I said. We began to walk towards the taxi and Tinu gratefully rested his head against the stranger's broad shoulder. Suddenly a nostalgia gripped me and tears sprang into my eyes. I turned my face away, so this kind man wouldn't see them.

He put the child in the taxi and held the door for me to climb in.

"Do you want me to come with you?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I'll be all right."

He closed the door, waved a hand in farewell and the cab swung away. I lay my head against the backrest and stroked Tinu's forehead gently, as he reclined with his head in my lap.

For the next two days I was in a flurry, with visits to the doctor, sleepless nights, my own misery, and Tinu's distaste for all medicines. On the third morning I opened the door to a short staccato rapping, and gasped with surprise. Standing on the doorstep was the stranger of three days ago, wearing a checked shirt and a boyish expression.

"I. . . I didn't want to disturb you," he said. "How is the boy?" I stood aside to let him enter my disarrayed drawing room. My hair was dishevelled and I was still holding the thermometer in my hand.

"Please excuse the mess," I said.

"Not at all," he said. "A home should look lived in, not stiff and neat so you don't know where to park yourself, much less dump your things."

He made himself comfortable in one of the vacant chairs and put his parcels on the floor. I ran a hand through my hair to give it some semblance of neatness.

"I was passing this way," he said, "and thought I would drop in."

"I'm glad you came," I said with genuine warmth. It was so long since I had had any company at all that I was beginning to turn into a recluse and a brooder.

"How did you find the house?" I asked.

"I asked the teacher in Tinu's school," he said.

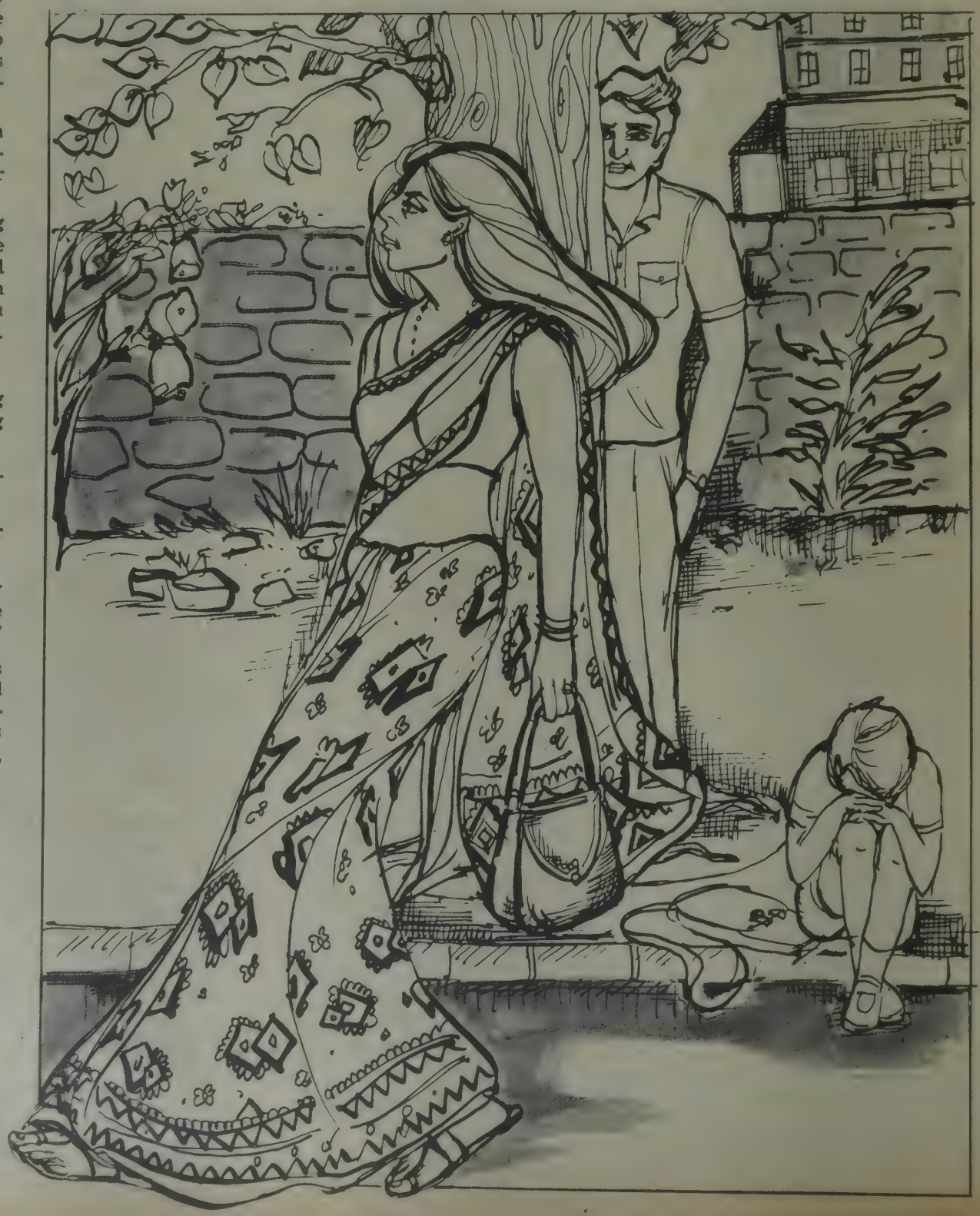
"Oh," was all I could say.

"She also told me your name. Oh, I'm forgetting you don't know mine. It's Janardhan. People call me Jan for short."

"Will you have some coffee? I was just going to have some myself."

"Coffee would be welcome," he said.

Over coffee, while Tinu slept, we talked in hushed tones in the hall. He said he was an architect working on some construction job in the vicinity. He came there everyday. He asked me what my husband did.



I thought of Ranjan, thousands of miles away, both physically and emotionally, from me. We were victims of an arranged marriage that hadn't clicked. We did not quarrel, but there was still a barrier between us, unspoken and unbridgeable, which we had never really attempted to close. All our union had yielded was one son, and for a while Tinu had kept us together. Ranjan was a wonder with children and they took to him easily because he listened to them patiently and played with them for hours. When Ranjan was home, Tinu's friends had romped in, but now they came no longer and I was hard put to entertain the child. In illness he had turned cranky and unreasonable and I wished Ranjan was back with me, if only to take over the child.

We had not separated nor was there talk of a divorce, but it was there, the difference, implicit in the silences and the sullen tenor of our life together. I did not know Ranjan had applied for a job in the Gulf region till the letter came from the contractors, commissioning him for the work. He was in the refrigeration and air-conditioning line and there was a great demand for such technically qualified people in West Asia.

"Do you really mean to go?" I had asked.

"Yes," he had said. "It will be so much better for both of us."

Even then I didn't get the point that he was going without me.

"When are we leaving?" I asked.

"I'm going alone," he said. "You'll stay back with Tinu."

The knowledge brought something akin to relief, but still a vague uneasiness that I could not explain even to myself. We had never got on, yet why was I so disturbed to hear he was going?

"I'll send you money," he had continued. "They are going to pay me an awful lot. They are providing bachelor accommodation for me that is free and furnished. So it is really more economical to go alone. Houses are available of course, but the rents are fabulous and we will have to spend everything I earn."

"I understand," I had said.

Now seeing Janardhan sitting in the hall I felt something I had never felt before — loneliness and the pain that comes from rejection.

The tension of the past few years had built up such a pressure within me that I buried my face in my hands and burst into tears. Janardhan was near me at once, concerned and apologetic for having churned up memories of pain. He had asked me what my husband did for a living, and here I was making a tearful wreck of myself.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Nand," he said. "I should have known from your Herculean efforts to cope alone that your husband is dead."

Even then I did not correct him. I was so convinced in my own mind of our absolute disparity of temperament and sexual incompatibility, that when Janardhan offered solace, I accepted it. I wondered why I found it so much easier to go into Janardhan's arms. With Ranjan the move had always cost me a great effort. But this relationship I was drifting into so quickly, both excited and frightened me. It was something that had never happened to me before. Perhaps forbidden pleasure has something sweet and irresistible about it. Whatever the reason, I began seeing more and more of Janardhan. I knew he lived alone and his parents had died in a train accident years ago. Yet I neglected to tell him my husband Ranjan was alive. I tried to see Janardhan when my son Tinu was away in school. That way there was no danger of the child learning what was going on.

Yet one day when we had least expected it, Tinu's teacher saw Janardhan and me together, walking close and intimately as lovers do in tree-lined avenues. We sprang apart at once, but she had seen us and was not deceived. I don't know what made Janardhan suspicious, but the next day he was silent and preoccupied. When I pressed him to speak he passed a nasty remark about deception and said that it was better we didn't see each other any more.

I could have told him the truth so easily, it wouldn't have made any difference, but in my desperate need for love, I wanted to make sure—and lost him

"What's the matter Jan?" I asked. I had been calling him by that name for the past few weeks now, in fact ever since we'd got to know each other intimately.

"Don't pretend you don't know," he said curtly. "If you wanted to lead me on, you could have without resorting to all those lies."

"Honest, Jan, please believe me. I could not help it."

"Did you or didn't you tell me your husband was dead?"

"I didn't tell you. You thought it was so," I cried.

"You liar! You did."

"No!"

"Yes, you did."

"Please Jan, listen to me. You filled a void I felt desperately. If you must know, Ranjan and I never got on, which is one reason he went away."

"Why didn't you say so then? If it's one trait I hate, it's duplicity. Tinu's teacher told me everything. She even showed me cheques signed by your husband. She had received the last one only two days ago for last month's fees."

"Jan, pity an unhappy woman. I love you."

He brushed me aside curtly and went away.

I sat down and wrote a letter to Ranjan, pleading with him to let Tinu and me join him in Dubai. I was sick of living alone, afraid of falling prey to feelings I could not control.

His reply came a month later.

Dear Ritu,

I have been thinking about our marriage for a long time and have come to the conclusion that it was a mistake. There is really no point in your joining me here because I know things won't work out. If they didn't sort themselves out for five years, how will they do so now? In the circumstances I feel it will be better for us to get a divorce from each other. It may take time, but once it comes through, it will be better for both of us. I have already contacted my lawyer and he will send you all the papers shortly.

The only person I feel really sorry for is Tinu. He will miss the warmth of family life. But he is young and will adjust himself. All said and done, it is better for a growing child to have no home life at all, than a tension-ridden one, where there is no rapport between the parents. Love to Tinu.

Always your friend,

Ranjan.

Released at last from a bondage which had been worse than a prison, I sought out Janardhan, armed with Ranjan's letter to give credence to my story of suffering and marital disharmony.

I went one evening to his flatlet in a crowded section of the town. I had to knock for a long time before the door opened. He was evidently surprised to see me.

"Jan," I said, ecstatic with the unexpected news of a divorce.

"What is it?" he asked curtly.

"I've heard from Ranjan," I said. "He wants a divorce from me."

"Why have you come here?"

"Don't you see, Jan? This is our chance for happiness. For the first time in my life I have found someone to love."

"Please go away. I don't want to see you again. A woman who has been disloyal once, can be so again."

"Jan...please...I will never never be disloyal to you. Please try to understand...it was different with Ranjan. I never loved him."

"Who is it?" asked a feminine voice from inside. A woman came and stood behind him, looking over his shoulder at me. With a start I recognised her as Tinu's teacher.

"Please go away, Mrs. Nand," she said to me, with a school-marmish voice which chilled me. "Janardhan and I plan to get married and he'd be happier without interference from a married woman who's messed up more lives than one."

I turned and fled, my eyes misting with tears. For so many things. For my life which had fallen prey to marital incompatibility, for my son whom I'd have to bring up alone and unassisted for myself, a rejected woman who had no niche in the world.

V.I.P. Interviews–1

"My Eenglish," she said, "is imperfecto. But your V.I.P. bagaglio is vero functionale. Vero beautifale. No?"

There she was. Signora Simonetta Silvana Stanzani-Spagnoletti*. A woman of business, donna d'affaire, if you say it as the Romans do. "A woman in a man's world," we said, with respect.

Our smiling Mona Lisa changed, and how! All the fire of the Latin temperamento raged.

"It is all the faults of the Italiano womano," she said. "She lets the mans thinkare he rule the mondo. Now see. The idèa travel to the Indiano peoples."

"Did you travel to India with V.I.P. suitcases?" we asked, trying to steer the conversation away gently.

"Why, is it only a man's suitcasa?" was the prompt retort.

Suddenly, her mercurial temperamento was all sunshine again. "Sometimes," she said, "I gets little angry. But I likes your V.I.P. vero mucha. The combinazione locks is vero functionale. It always work. Except on una occasiona."

"What happened?" we asked, in alarm. "I forgets the numbers," she said, "totalie."

"Then what?" we asked, aghast.

With a barely perceptible shrug, the elegante signora said, "When you carrys una 10 carata diamonda on una platino necklace, you remembers. You remembers!"

"Don't you find the V.I.P. bella, beautifula, and stronga too?" we asked, striving very hard to avoid any interviewer bias.

"Si, si," she said. "It is like a womano, no?"

Seeing our puzzled look, she explained. "A womano look vero delicato but she is made of..."

"Sterner stuff," we obligingly suggested. "Grazie," said she, with the graceful air of one who has grown up on compliments.

Magnanimously, she returned the favour. "Even in Itàlia you don't always get bagaglio as splendide as your V.I.P. See Giovanni, he leave Roma with one Italiano suitcasa. He reach Milano in two pieces!"

Always ready to spot a prospective V.I.P. customer, we were immediately alert. "Your husband..." we started.

"Perhaps," was the enigmatic reply. "But now he carry your V.I.P.," she added with a smile.

"Your brocado lining is excellènte. And your V.I.P. colore, I like all...

d, blue, green and golden..."
And brown, gray and black,"
e added.
"For my Giovanni, yes. I prefera
e brilliante colore," she said.
Woman," she finally conceded,
re differènte."
Getting our French and Italian
pelessly tangled, we said, "Viva la
fferènte!"

*o protect the privacy of our V.I.P. customers,
has been necessary to conceal their actual
entities.*

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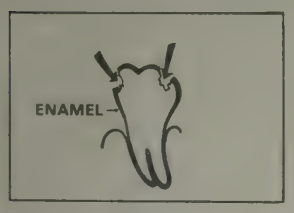
w Plast Limited

Now you can save his teeth
from painful cavities

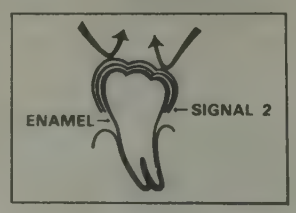
Get Signal 2

with the most effective Fluoride formula to harden teeth against decay

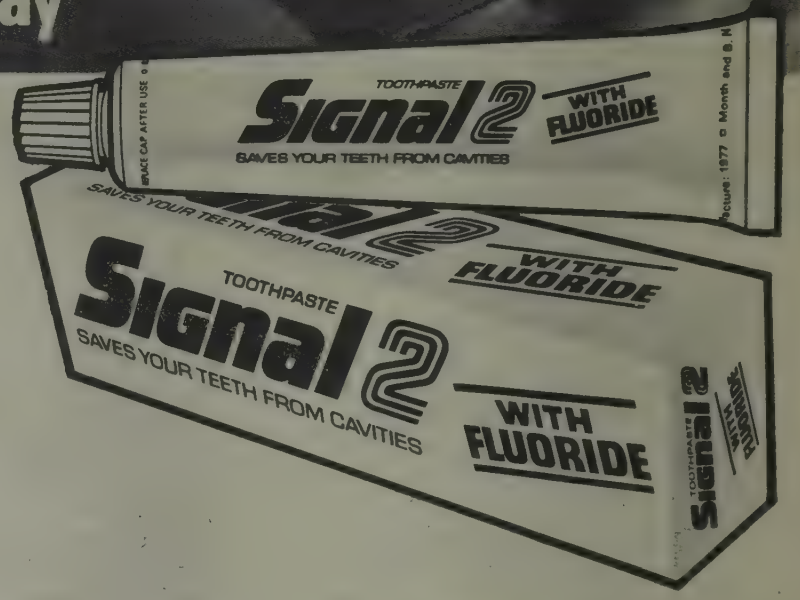
A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.
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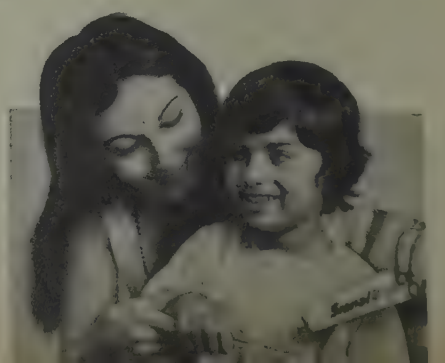

Signal 2 WITH FLUORIDE your family's cavity-fighter

FOR WOMEN, ABOUT WOMEN

LITTLE CARLTON (ENGLAND): A 12-year-old girl has been awarded £90 for her hurt feelings and £360 more because she didn't get a chance to play soccer with the boys. Judge Michael Harris ordered the National Football Association and the Nottinghamshire County Football Association to pay Theresa Bennett damages because they refused to let her play for her local soccer club in this small town about 116 miles north-east of London. The Judge said Theresa, described as a "ferocious tackler," was discriminated against within the meaning of the country's Sex Discrimination Act. He ruled that she was refused a chance to register as a player "on the grounds only that she was a girl and not a boy." The Judge said that the action not only hurt her feelings, it deprived her of opportunity. Outside the court, Theresa did a victory skip and said: "I love football and I feel very pleased about what the Judge said." As for the money she was awarded, "I'm going to buy a new pair of football boots!"

The Statesman, June 19

NEW YORK: Discarding its policy of having officers try to mediate in family disputes, the New York City Police Department has agreed to begin arresting men who beat their wives. The agreement came in an out-of-court settlement of a suit filed by 71 women who claimed police ignored their reports of being repeatedly beaten by their husbands. Under the new policy, at least one officer must respond to every report of a wife beating or threatened beating and a husband must be arrested for assault if there is reason to believe a crime has been committed, unless there is justification not to do so. The agreement makes clear that justification cannot, as in the past, rely on the fact that the attacker and victim are married or that the police officer thinks they should reconcile... The agreement also requires that the wife must be told of her rights, including the right to make a citizen's arrest with the aid of police, and that if the husband has left the scene, police must try to locate him like any other suspect.

MADURAI: Two medical seats this year would be reserved for widows, the Minister for Health and Family Welfare, Mr. R. Soundararajan, told newsmen. The Minister said this was the first time that this provision was being made for widows.

The Hindu, July 7

COIMBATORE: Miss T. Premavathi took charge recently as the first woman police sub-inspector of the Coimbatore urban police district. Already there are 13 women constables working there.

The Hindu, July 9

CALCUTTA: The results of Calcutta University's M. A. examination in Journalism held in September 1977, were declared recently. Of the 66 candidates who appeared, 49 have passed. Merry Datta has topped the list. She is also the only candidate securing first class marks.

The Statesman, July 11

BANGALORE: An assistant engineer of the state housing board has been arrested and suspended from service on a charge of criminally assaulting a 16-year-old married Harijan girl in a village in Mandya district. Chief Minister Devraj Urs gave the name of the offical as Mr. S. S. Rehman. The official was functioning as election officer at the Hunuganahalli polling station, during the village panchayat elections. Abandoning his post, he is alleged to have sought the girl while she was picking wood in the forest. After noticing his absence at the polling station for about two hours, a mobile van went in search of him. A police party which also arrived on the scene, saved him from being attacked by angry villagers.

The Times of India, July 12

JULLUNDUR: Four police constables and an assistant sub-inspector were arrested here on the charge of allegedly outraging the modesty of a woman, according to the Government Railway Police (GRP). The arrested were found illegally loitering in the premises of Jullundur railway station. They allegedly detained a woman passenger going in a rickshaw, saying that she had contraband in her possession. When her father, a retired railway guard, who was with her, raised an alarm, the GRP and others went to their rescue. The GRP later arrested the policemen on charges that include illegally confining a woman. They were produced before a magistrate who released them on bail.

The Times of India, July 12

BOMBAY: A five-woman mountaineering team from Bombay will attempt to scale the 17,000-foot high Saptasringi peak in the Garhwal Himalayas. It will be led by a personnel inspector of the Western Railways, Mrs. Lalita Oza. The expedition has been sponsored by the Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club.

The Times of India, July 13

AIZAWL: A young tribal woman of Tizta in Mizoram killed a tiger with an axe on the outskirts of Buarpui village, about 200 km from here. The woman, Zadingi, a mother of two children, was collecting firewood when she noticed the tiger ready to pounce on her. She struck the tiger's head with her axe several times and ran away to the village. The villagers subsequently found the tiger lying dead in a pool of blood.

The Hindustan Times, July 13

SYDNEY: Three women who ran on to the pitch and shouted, "Racist, go home," at South African cricketer Barry Richards during a world series match, were found guilty of offensive behaviour. Elizabeth Ann Hounslow, 27, a marriage guidance counsellor, and Jennifer Pethy Bridge, 25, a domestic, were each fined 60 Australian dollars, and Helen Gallagher, 37, unemployed, was fined 50 Australian dollars at the Sydney central court. The three women had pleaded not guilty.

The Times of India, July 14

MANILA: Manila's multi-coloured "Jeepney" minibuses, normally daubed with slogans like "God loves us" and "Chicks only" are to promote breast feeding and anchovy-munching. The 20,000 odd wartime jeeps which give a cheap but bumpy ride across town, will now sport stickers proclaiming, "Let your love flow....breast-feed your baby" or "Instead of smoking a cigarette, munch a fried anchovy." The campaign was launched by the National Nutritional Service where a spokesman explained, "Breast milk is the very best for babies..." The most graphic campaign poster portrays an amply-figured mother's breast with the message, "Every drop of mother's milk is a shower of love."

The Times of India, July 14

NEW DELHI: An Israeli national, one of the alleged principal financiers for smuggling contraband hashish from India to the western world, was arrested by the Directorate of Revenue Intelligence (DRI). The sources said the foreigner, Mrs. Nasim Janib, was arrested in connection with the biggest haul of hashish in the capital, when DRI officials intercepted more than a tonne of hashish being smuggled out to Canada and the United States in June. The estimated value of the seized narcotics in 42nd Street, New York, and other international underground markets, was more than a crore of rupees.

The Times of India, July 14

BOMBAY: The Indo-American Society has got its first woman president in Mrs. Veena J. Mehta, who was recently elected to the post. Mrs. Mehta has been associated with a number of social organisations including the Swatantra Party and the Giants International, of which she is a founder member.

The Free Press Journal, July 12

RAIPUR: A woman in labour can deliver within an hour and with less pain through acupuncture, according to Dr. A.L. Agarwal, a member of the International Acupuncture Society. Dr. Agarwal also said that an acupuncture delivered baby was found to be more mentally developed. The bleeding associated with childbirth was also less.

The Times of India, July 18

NEW DELHI: Legal safeguards against exploitation of women workers have proved counterproductive in major organised industries like coal, jute and textiles, an official study has revealed. Regulatory measures, like prohibition of night work, underground work and employment in hazardous occupations under various labour acts have become major obstacles to employment of women...A labour ministry official said that these "negative provisions" should be reviewed and suitable changes effected to protect working women's interests.

The Times of India, July 24

Compiled by Gouri Salvi

PERSONAL CHOICE

COOKING A LA CHINOIS !

Chinese food is deliciously tasty and the variety of flavours are so cleverly teamed that eating becomes pleasingly adventurous, says our hostess MRS. RAJANI JAYAWANT.

Interested in cooking from childhood, she took up a course in Chinese cooking and baking after marriage. The encouragement and appreciation given by her husband inspired her to start her own cooking classes both in Chinese cooking and baking as well as cake and salad decoration.

Together with her busy schedule, she also helps her husband in business and is fond of flower arrangement and handicrafts — mainly cane work and embroidery. She held an exhibition of Bonsai early this year.

FRIED WONTONS

FOR THE FILLING :

150 grams cooked and ground chicken, pork or prawns
1 tsp. soya sauce
1 tsp. salad oil
1 tsp. ground onion
Salt to taste

FOR THE WONTON DOILLY :

1 egg, slightly beaten
3 tbsps. flour
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients for the filling thoroughly together. Keep aside. Add salt and pepper to the egg. Make a smooth and stiff dough by adding sufficient flour to the egg. Roll out very thinly on well floured board, leave aside to dry. Cut into strips and fill up like samosas, toffee or flower with the above mixed filling.

TO MAKE FLOWERS:

Cut a two inch square from the rolled out dough. Place half teaspoon of filling in centre. Bring diagonal ends together, press little apart, twist other two ends together.

Deep fry the Wontons in oil. Arrange with cucumber salad and sweet and sour sauce.

SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

2 tbsps. vinegar
2 tbsps. sugar
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
1 tbsp. soya sauce
1 tbsp. cornflour
Ajinomoto

Mix all the above ingredients and cook on slow fire till sauce thickens. Sprinkle ajinomoto.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

LEMON CHICKEN

3 chicken breasts, parboiled and cut into ½" long strips
1 tomato
Juice of 1 lemon
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. dry sherry
3 tbsps. cornflour
3 tbsps. flour (maida)
½ tbsp. soya sauce
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. oil
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. cornflour
1 medium size cabbage, finely shredded
Salt and vinegar

Marinate the chicken strips in lemon juice, sherry, salt and pepper for 20 minutes. Prepare a batter of cornflour and flour. Coat the chicken strips with this batter and deep fry till golden brown. Cook on slow fire the soya sauce, sugar, lemon juice and corn flour in oil till slightly thick.

Apply salt and vinegar to the shredded cabbage. Arrange cabbage and chicken strips alternatively on a serving plate.

Make a sauce container by cutting the tomato into half and removing the seeds. Place it in the centre with sauce. Arrange parsley around the tomato

RICE TREASURE PUDDING

½ cup short grain rice
6 cups milk
2 tbsps. pineapple juice
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
1 tbsp. butter
1 cup diced pineapple, cherries, orange peel, and dates mixed
Pineapple rings, cherries and dates for decoration

Cook rice in milk. Stir in pineapple juice. Mix in sugar, butter and vanilla. Stir till sugar dissolves. Pour half cooked rice in a mould. Spread the mixed fruits in the centre. Cover with the remaining rice and cool. Remove from the mould and decorate with remaining fruits.

CHICKEN SWEET CORN SOUP

800 grams chicken
2 tbsps. cornflour
½ cup milk
2 eggs
2 cups cooked corn cream
Salt and pepper to taste
Ajinomoto

FOR THE BONE STOCK:

½ cup celery
6 peppercorns
2 chicken cubes
Chicken bones
1 onion, diced
Salt to taste

Boil the chicken in six cups of water. Cook and keep aside four cups of stock. Shred flesh and keep the bones aside for the bone stock.

Soak the chicken bones in cold water for half hour. Simmer for 20 minutes. Add celery, pepper corns, chicken cubes and onion. Simmer for 20 minutes. Strain and keep aside.

Mix the bone stock, with four cups of chicken stock, corn cream and shredded chicken. Simmer for some time and mix corn flour in milk and add to the soup stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper. Beat eggs lightly. Gradually add to the soup stirring constantly so that egg forms into threads. Remove from fire and add ajinomoto.

ROAST PORK WITH NOODLES

50 grams noodles
500 grams pork, cut into thin 2" long strips
6 tsps. soya sauce
½ tsp. sugar
2 slices fresh ginger cut into fine pieces
2 capsicums, seeds removed and cut into strips
2 spring onions, cut into 1" pieces
1 cup shredded cabbage
1 tsp. cornflour

cuckoo lal
Brush pie crusts lightly over with fresh cream before putting them into the oven. This will give them a fine brown tint.

2 eggs (make an omlette with salt and pepper and cut into ¼" strips)
1 tbsp. melted butter
½ cup chicken stock
PORK MARINATE:
3 tsps. soya sauce
1 tsp. tomato sauce
1 tsp. dry sherry
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. garlic, finely chopped
Salt to taste

Marinate pork in the above marinate mixture for six to eight hours in refrigerator. Roast and keep aside. Boil noodles in salt water for 10 to 15 minutes. Strain and toss them in one tablespoon melted butter. In a frying pan heat four tablespoons oil. Fry ginger and vegetables. Fry, adding little chicken stock at a time till vegetables are cooked. Add soya sauce, sugar and salt to taste. Mix well.

Mix in roasted pork. Blend one teaspoon cornflour in half cup chicken stock or water and add to the vegetables. Stir till well blended. Remove pork and vegetables on serving plate. Cover with boiled noodles and decorate with omlette strips and onion flowers.

ALU MATAR.

¼ kg. potatoes, ½ pack Pan peas, 2 bay leaves, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. chili powder, ½ tsp. turmeric powder, 2 tbsp. oil. Grind together 2 medium sized tomatoes, ½" piece ginger, 1 green chili.

Boil potatoes, peel and cut in halves. Soak Pan Peas. Heat oil, fry ground paste. Add peas, salt, haldi, red chili powder and bay leaves stirring well into masala. Simmer till oil floats on top. Add potatoes and fry. Add a cup of water and stir. Simmer till Pan Peas are cooked. Garnish with coriander leaves.

ANNOUNCING
NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder, and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI (Aug.)

So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023

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10,000	49.75	62.11	74.44
1,00,000	497.51	621.11	744.40

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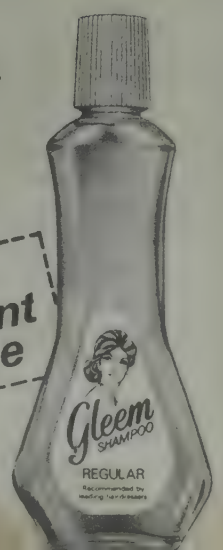

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recipes from our readers

Miss Pushpa Navelkar, Bombay.

PRAWN STUFFED RADISH

6/7 medium sized radish

FOR THE STUFFING:

450 grams prawns, cleaned and washed
½ cup coriander seeds
½ coconut, grated
6 medium sized onions (4 chopped lengthwise & 2 diced)
10 cloves
10 pepper corns
1 stick cinnamon
4 almond
2 tsps. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt and tamarind to taste
Oil

Slit radish into 4 section (do not separate it from the stem) Set aside along with 2 chopped onions and prawns.

Fry onions, grated coconut and all the above masalas. Grind them into a thick paste. Mix prawns with the paste. Stuff each radish with this prawn-masala paste. Heat oil in a dekchi. Add the stuffed radish and remaining onions. Cook till the water evaporates. Serve hot with chappatis or bhaturas.

Mrs. Anfila Gonsalves, Bombay.

EGG PLANT DELIGHT

2 large brinjals
3 cups boneless fish (The fish should be boiled in vinegar and salt till dry and the bones taken out)
1 cup gram flour
3 eggs
A bunch of coriander leaves, chopped
A few mint leaves, chopped
2 large tomatoes, chopped
2 large onions, chopped
2 green chillis, chopped
2 tsps. chilli powder
2 tsps. turmeric powder
2 tsps. cummin and coriander powder
1" piece ginger, crushed
8 flakes garlic
Refined oil for frying
Salt and sugar to taste

Cut the brinjals into round slices. If the slices are too big, they can be halved, if desired. Apply one tsp. chilli powder and salt to taste. Leave aside for 10 minutes then fry in oil till half done. Drain out the oil and keep aside.

FOR THE FILLING: Take a dekchi and heat oil. Put in the onions, ginger, garlic and fry till nice and brown. Then add the chopped chillis and later the chilli powder turmeric and cummin and coriander powder and fry for a minute Put in the fish and chopped tomatoes. Add a little sugar and salt to taste and fry for a few minutes. Finally add the chopped coriander and mint leaves. Put it off the fire and cool.

Make a batter of eggs and gram flour and whip it up. Add a little salt and add just a little water to make it a little watery and not too thick. Put in a little turmeric powder and chilli powder and beat it up well.

Take two slices of brinjals. Put a tbsp. of the filling in the centre of one slice then place the other on top of it and press the sides a little. Dip this into the batter and fry in a pan till brown on both sides. Serve hot with nan or parathas and curds.

1 weekly winner

Miss Alak Sinha of Dehra Dun wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

KORMA NAFEES

500 grams meat (cut into small pieces)
150 grams ghee
150 grams curd
2 large apples
1 large size onion
3 big cardamoms
1 cinnamon
9 pepper corns
4 cloves
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 tbsps. coriander seeds
Saffron
1 tsp. milk
½ tsp. red chilli powder
Salt to taste

Tie together cardamoms, cinnamon, peppercorns, cloves, cummin seeds and coriander seeds loosely in a muslin cloth and keep aside. Clean and wash the meat pieces. Coat the base of a pressure cooker with little ghee and arrange the meat pieces. Sprinkle chilli powder and salt. Peel and core onion and apples. Grate them coarsely and sprinkle onto the meat.

Place the loosely tied muslin bag in the middle of the meat pieces. Soak saffron in milk and mix this mixture well with curd. Pour this curd over the meat. Pour 1½ cups of water over the whole mixture and cook in pressure for 10-12 minutes on medium heat. Remove from fire and separate the meat pieces and the bag of spices from the gravy. Now heat the remaining ghee in a pan and mix it with chilli powder and the gravy just extracted from the meat pieces. Keep frying till the gravy becomes thick and rich golden in colour. Add water if the gravy is too dry. Now add the meat pieces and fry. Extract all the spicy juice from the muslin bag and keep frying till the meat becomes rich brown and the gravy thick. Allow it to simmer on low heat for 10-15 minutes. Serve hot with rice.

Mrs. D. Birch, Haryana.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

1 kg spinach, cleaned, chopped and boiled in a cup of water
¼ cup butter or ghee
¼ cup flour
1½ cups milk or as needed
1 cup cheese, grated
Dash of nutmeg
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. grated onions
½ tsp. pepper (freshly ground)
5 eggs, separated

Melt butter over low heat and mix in flour. Blend well and cook for 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the liquid from the boiled spinach, if less add milk and cook till thick. Add spinach and all the remaining ingredients except eggs. Cook for 4 to 5 minutes over low heat. Remove. Beat egg yolks till thick. Add to the spinach and blend well. Beat egg whites till stiff. Fold into the spinach mixture and pour out in dish. Set in a pan containing 1" hot water. Bake for 40 to 50 minutes in a preheated oven (375°F.)

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I LIVE NEXT DOOR - WELCOME TO OUR NEIGHBORHOOD!
HOW NICE!
SOLD
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU GET SETTLED, DON'T HESITATE TO CALL ON ME!
REALLY?
ANYTHING AT ALL -
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE HOUSE IS A MESS -
I'M GOING TO LOVE HAVING SUCH A GOOD NEIGHBOR!
-?
3-27
WHAT DID YOU THINK OF OUR NEW NEIGHBORS?
PUT OUR HOUSE ON THE MARKET TOMORROW!
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HAHA world of laughter

When I was in a restaurant in Copenhagen, they asked me what I'd like. I said: "A hunk of Danish." Two waitresses ran over and gave me their telephone numbers.

* * *

The salesgirl at the perfume counter leaned over toward her young customer and warned: "Let me give you a word of advice — don't use this if you're bluffing."

* * *

"I want to be buried naked," the scoundrel told his wife. "Where I'm going I don't need any clothes — it's pretty hot down there."

After he died, his ghost floated down the chimney and sat on his wife's bed. "I'll need my clothes and heavy underwear after all," he said. "There are so many rich characters down there, they put in air-conditioners."

* * *

He interviewed the model for a job in his showroom. When he took all her measurements and qualifications, he asked: "Where can I get hold of you?"

"I don't know," she giggled, "I'm awfully ticklish."

A garment manufacturer invited his new model to join him at his cottage for the week end.

"Wonderful," she said, "and I'll bring my boy friend."

"Your boy friend — what for?"

"In case your wife wants to have some fun, too."

* * *

A baby lion was chasing a hunter around a tree in Africa. Mama lion said to the baby lion, "Junior, don't play with your food."

* * *

He was so generous. "It's your birthday," he said to his wife grandly, "run around to some smart shops and pick out a few nice things for yourself — but don't get caught."

* * *

"Once when I was out hunting with my rifle, I ran across a big black bear. He grabbed the rifle out of my hands and pointed it at me."

"What happened?"

"What could happen? I married his daughter."

* * *

"Give me a break," the actor said to his landlord. "Just carry me a little while longer till a job sets in."

"Are you kidding?" the landlord answered. "I've carried you longer than your mother did."

* * *

He gave his wife a new watch for her birthday — waterproof, shockproof, unbreakable, and anti-magnetic. Absolutely nothing could happen to it.

She lost it!

* * *

"What's another name for God?" the little boy was asked.

"Harold," the child answered.

"How do you get that?"

"Well, when I say the prayers at night, I say 'Our Father which art in heaven, Harold be thy name.'"

* * *

My room was so small — I closed the door and the doorknob got in bed with me. I put the key in the keyhole — and broke the window.

* * *

There was a young fellow called Custer

Who was very good with a duster.

He'd dust chairs and tables,

The piano and stables,

When his girl was around, he would dust her.

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE ADVENTURE OF STUDYING ABROAD IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Continued from page 10

sit in a back seat, and as the "examination" proceeded I could see what all the other students were doing. Some scratched their heads, others started tinkering with pen and paper, but not one of them ever tried to look into the pile of books and files they had kept at the foot of their writing tables.

The "honour system" of examinations did indeed work among those students, who had a sense of honour. Later on I discovered that several of them did not do well and got only "C" grades; but not for even them any cheating!

After the lapse of a silent one and a half hours or so, students were seen leaving the examination hall one by one, obviously having finished all that they had to write. When the Professor returned at 12 noon, only I and four or five others were still in the hall.

During my work for the M.A. degree in Madras, my imagination had been most stimulated by Shakespeare's tragedies. In this course on the English Novel in Victoria College, Toronto, I had been most fascinated by Steinbeck and Thomas Hardy and their understanding of the vicissitudes of life. For my examination paper that day, I had, after the first few minutes of hesitation, decided to write about Thomas Hardy and his "Tess of D'Ubbervilles."

I had indeed been putting down on paper my "further reflections" on Hardy's thoughts about human life. Two or three minutes after Professor Fischer's re-entry into the examination hall, I finished my last sentence, handed in the answer book, and left the hall.

Two weeks later, Professor Fischer returned the answer books, with a few comments on some of them. Mine was the last to be handed back. The professor said two or three nice things, and then announced that it was the only answer which had secured an "A" in that examination. Several eyes were turned to me, mostly in unbelieving surprise, and I felt I had upheld India's prestige among those young white people! That answer book is still among my old papers as a souvenir.

I had gone to Toronto for one year, but my scholarship was extended for another year to enable me to fulfil the minimum residential requirement for a Doctorate for which I was encouraged to work. By the end of the second year I had finished all the required assignments and my thesis on John Henry Newman had been accepted by the examiners.

The day on which I received the doctorate was also our gala banquet day in Burwash Hall. I was sitting in my usual place among the students, when the Director of Graduate Studies rose from his seat at the High Table where the Professors sat, and formally called me and led me to sit at the High Table with the Professors. All formalities are not really necessary, but some are very meaningful!

The day soon came for me to bid my tearful farewell to so many Canadians who had become intimate friends. Now, nearly three decades later, I still remember with nostalgia the wonderfully varied experiences I had shared with some of those generous Canadians, and I still correspond with some of them.

From the silent parting from dear friends at the Toronto railway station, it was indeed a far cry to the fanfare of a hero's welcome that awaited me when at last I got back to my village in Kerala. The contrast might have seemed to some of our moderns as a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous; but to me both experiences were equally valuable as manifestations of human nature at its appreciative best.

As the old car which took me home from the nearest railway station got to within a furlong of my parish Church, I saw a crowd of gesticulating country folk, members of the congregation of which my family was part, with a caparisoned elephant in front of them waving his trunk in welcome. I was persuaded to open my suit-case there on the public road, and to don my academic gown, the red doctoral hood, and the square cap, and to walk in the procession besides the beaming old priest who had, on his own initiative, arranged this colourful welcome for the "Toronto-returned" son of the soil!

A passenger bus passed by and I hoped and prayed that none of the passengers would recognise me in my predicament. But one did, and later on, back in my college, he twitted me on that procession which had seemed comic to him.

Little did he realise that I had been on that day on the verge of tears, not out of any shame, but out of deep gratitude for the love of my people which had prompted them to give me the kind of welcome that seemed appropriate to them. After all, although if I were given my choice I would not have liked to be paraded on the public road in my academic gown and hood and cap, I too inwardly liked to feel that I was a lucky "Toronto-returned."

Those were wonderful days of unsophisticated, simple joys, and persons like me were grateful for even small opportunities that came our way — unlike some of the supercilious "modern" young men and young women who throw their weight around and talk as though a week-end in California or Paris is a small item in their busy programme of globe-trotting — mostly at other people's expense!

K. C. J.

PROBLEM OF HANGNAILS

I get hangnails frequently. What is this due to? Please suggest a remedy for it.

I have a protruding chin; will make-up help it to look less prominent?

B. P. (Madras)

This condition may indicate that you are filing your nails too deep into the skin or pulling off uneven bits instead of cutting them. If you are doing this, you should avoid it. To remove a hangnail, lift it free of the surrounding skin and snip off carefully.

This make-up trick will make your protruding chin less noticeable. When applying a foundation, use two shades. Use the lighter shade all over your face then apply the darker one on the tip of your chin.

BAD BREATH

I am suffering from bad breath which is a very embarrassing problem. Please help.

R. M. (Ahmedabad)

Unhealthy gums, decaying teeth, indigestion and constipation are some of the causes of bad breath. So check if you suffer from any of these and get it treated.

When you get up in the morning gargle with a mouthwash — also before going to bed at night. Half a teaspoon of salt dissolved in half a glass of warm water is a good mouthwash; or a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of hydrogen peroxide added to a glass of warm water.

SHAMPOO REGULARLY

TRY THESE EXERCISES

I am 23 and have attractive features. But my thighs and hips are heavy. Please suggest some exercises to reduce them.

J. H. (Trivandrum)

Regular exercises combined with a diet high in protein and low in starch, sugar and fats will go a long way in giving you a svelte figure. Here are some helpful exercises for you.

1. Lie flat on the floor, arms out straight. Keeping knees straight, lift leg up and swing it over the right leg to touch the floor. Repeat with the right leg.

2. Stand on your left foot, body well balanced, with right leg bent. Straighten right leg and swing left to the side to form a right angle. Lower leg slowly to the floor. Repeat with the left leg.

OILY HAIR

My hair is very oily. It gets greasy just two days after a shampoo. What should I do?

J. J. (Bombay)

The oiliness is due to overactive sebaceous glands which secrete more oil than is necessary. This type of hair attracts more dirt, therefore, you should keep it clean by frequent shampooing. You can shampoo it every alternate day if need be.

Brush your hair regularly, so that the oil is distributed evenly. Before you brush your hair cover the bristles with a muslin piece. It will absorb much of the oil and keep the brush clean.

You should cut down on oily and fried foods, nuts and chocolates.

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

I have a friend called Fred. Poor fellow! At the slightest hint of a disagreement with his wife, he runs about the house, hiding throwable things — ash trays, flower pots, bottle openers. Anything solid and within reach is safely hidden away until a truce is declared and the wife is normal again.

Wives come in several categories. There are those who throw a temper and loudly regret not marrying one of their many past suitors. There are others who think unkindly, in rather loud tones, of their in-laws who brought up their husbands, and there are of course those who throw things.

Mine comes from a long line of healthy, strong-armed, East Indian farmers to whom throwing things with unfailing accuracy comes very naturally. I have been hit on the head by a fish (fried), shoes (presented by me a few days earlier) and many times by copies of the Eve's Weekly, a few minutes after the postman had delivered them.

"OUR HOME IS FREQUENTLY CLOSED FOR ALTERCATIONS"

It is therefore a very good idea to discover very early in marriage the type of wife you have on your hand, so that like a scout, you can always be prepared.

Mind you, honey, this should not prevent you from getting married. What are a few dents in the head, compared to the ecstasy of a long, happily married life? A few storms will not prevent the ship of marriage from sailing to various ports of delight.

Coming late is at the top of my wife's list of misdemeanours. Last month I came at 2 a.m. from a party to which she was not invited and she yelled as if her shorts were on fire. I would not have cared if it was not past two in the morning. The lights in the neighbourhood came on, one at a time, and windows opened and anxious faces looked at our house, which suddenly went dark.

The latest incident of late coming, however, has taught me a lesson I won't forget in a hurry. It also showed me that she had developed a sense of humour. I was going to be later than usual. So I had taken a few precautions necessary to get into bed without waking her. This is an art one has to develop with practice. I am passing these tips on, so that male fellow-travellers in the train of matrimony may not have any derailments.

Don't fix a safety lock on your front door — one that cannot be opened by a key if locked from inside. Let the front door lock be well oiled, and carry a small pocket torch in order to get the key in the lock the first time. If you have a dog, remember to tie him up in the rear room, or preferably in the rear garden. Keep all furniture, toys, especially roller skates, well out of your path to the bedroom. Use the toilet at the party last thing before leaving. Once I bumped into her on the way to the toilet, and thinking I was a thief, she screamed for the neighbours and brought them running into the house.

Tie up all your belongings in your kerchief, especially your loose change. Practise changing into your sleeping suit in the dark a few times, and before leaving for the party, keep it ready for immediate change. Watch the bed and see if she has spread her hand across your area, my wife does sometimes, and wait till she rolls over and the bed is clear.

Having done all this, I arrived at two in the morning, I inserted the key, turned it softly like an expert, unlocked the door, and pushed it gently. Picking my shoes in one hand and my kerchief full of change, watch, etc. in the other, I tiptoed into the bedroom. The coast was clear. I removed my suit, pushed the left leg into the pyjama, then inserted the other, and wham! I was down on the floor, hitting my head on the cupboard with a loud bang on the way down. The lights came on and there she was laughing her guts out. She had stitched up the bottom of the right leg of the trousers!

Until next time then.

Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest - 6

HEGMAN

1. Ouagadougou is the capital of which country?

2. In which year was the state of Mysore renamed Karnataka?

3. What is the unit of electrical capacitance called, and which scientist is it named after?

4. West Germany is a member of NATO; of which similar organisation is East Germany a member?

5. The British naval hero Nelson lost the sight of his right eye. Name the Israeli military hero who lost the sight of his left eye.

6. Which tennis player has won the Ladies Singles' Championship at Wimbledon most times since World War II?

7. Sanjay Khan is making a film based on the book "The Sword of Tipu Sultan". Who wrote this book?

8. The death of a famous Kathak dancer in July this year marked the end of an era in Indian dancing. Name this dancer.

9. The film "My Fair Lady" is based on the play by a famous playwright. Name him and the play he wrote.

10. Which species of bear is the largest living land carnivore?

11. Which Indian sea port is the largest in the country?

12. Every year, Time magazine nominates a person who had the most impact on the events of the year, for good or bad, as Time's Man of the Year. Which famous statesman was nominated Time's Man of the Year for 1977?

This is the sixth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e. the person who submits the first all-correct entry by the deadline prescribed.

The deadline for Quiz Contest 6 is September 4. The fixed deadline is to facilitate matters for contestants from out of Bombay.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 6' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 5 will appear in our issue of September 8. The answers to Quiz 6 will appear in our issue of September 23.

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NEETU SINGH: A MORE IMPORTANT CAREER?

Vijaya Irani

Approaching 21, Neetu, clad in a revealing home-lounger, crossed one shapely leg over the other, pulled her hair free from its bun, and declared rather lethargically, "There's nothing new in my professional life. Films have never held any special attraction for me anyway. I am twenty now and this is as good a time as any to do things other than merely work. I want to explore the thrills of being a person — a young woman."

As Baby Sonia, the child artiste, she started acting over 15 years ago. So, films for her are just a trudge to the studios, a schedule to keep up whether she wanted to sleep or play — just work, without any glitter or glamour.

"I have refused so many films — big films, with big banners, multistarrers," she said. Then she laughed and added, "No, I don't want to sound swollen-headed just because I signed and then changed my mind. The roles had really nothing for me, for my talent. I had signed a big film three years ago, with a top star cast, a big director, and shot mostly abroad, which seemed a fantastic, enviable offer. It's complete now, and the other day I was dubbing for it. When I saw it, I was so disgusted with both my role, which gives me only three or four entries and exits, and my appearance — I look so fat! Now, after I have reduced weight, the sight of me, so fat and with nothing to do — not even running around trees with my co-star Amitabh! — except enter the room and say, 'Kaise ho' and fade out, made me feel so sorry for myself.

"I am giving up 'Aar Paar', 'Rajput' and today, I just discussed this with my mother, I will have to give up 'Shakti' too, though it has such an imposing cast — Dilip Kumar, Raakhee, Amitabh — and is directed by Ramesh Sippy."

I stared at her, unbelieving, for she has definitely come up nicely and had revealed an appreciable maturity in her recently released films like "Doosra Admi", "Priyatama", "Kasme Vaade" (this last being a big hit too), which was why she had been getting all the big offers. Why was she deliberately prying herself loose from a position which is hard to come by, and for so many, has remained a dream-never-come-true? Was it just ennui, or did she have a better target in mind other than films?

"You see, I am not looking for screen supremacy. I never was ambitious in the first place, like some of my colleagues who feel they have to reach up there high, come what may! I missed out a lot in my childhood, girlhood, and now I am not going to miss out a single moment of the joys of adulthood!

"I am just working single shifts, except when there is a special situation calling for me to adjust with other, more busy stars like Amitabh or Shashiji."

"What do you feel about the new, young girls like Tina, Nafisa, especially Tina, with whom your constant co-star Chintu is signing so many new films?"

One would expect her to feel jealous, for she and Rishi Kapoor have been steadily dating each other for such a long time now!

"I am really glad for Chintu, that he can now get young co-stars, to suit his image and his age. He has such a good, glamorous, mod personality, that very few actresses can meaure up to. And for his career as an actor, this is very important. He needs a very young, very pretty female star, someone with the quality of Dimple Kapadia, to co-star with him for the type of roles he does.

"I am glad there's Tina now, with whom he is doing a lot of films. And frankly, how long can Chintu and I keep co-starring with each other? We had decided to stop doing films together. For one thing, our films haven't really been big hits. 'Anjaane Mein', our latest release, is only doing fair business."

"Secondly," she continued, "I don't really feel very comfortable working with Chintu as his co-star. I get self-conscious and nervous and am not able to put in my best."

Then we drifted off to topics other than films and work. We went round her new duplex apartment, the best part being her room, which lets out into a beautiful private terrace commanding an unrestricted view of Juhu Beach and far beyond. A coloured blow-up of Chintu hangs above her bed — a sand-encrusted, tearful face of his from the film "Laila Majnu".

"What a picture to keep!" I remarked.

"That's his sense of humour," Neetu shrugged. And that brought her to lament about the time she was wasting here, with a load of cancelled shooting, and Chintu in London holidaying.

"We've decided to go on separate holidays. I went and came back and now he's gone. With me around, he can't let himself go — I'd be cramping his freedom."

Her mother gave her a cynical look and said, "They are on that phone four times in 24 hours, talking for an hour each time. How does she say she is missing him?"

Neetu changed the topic and said, "This time in London, I did a different kind of shopping. No ready-made clothes, no jeans, but plenty of sarees, loungers, nighties and lingerie; very few perfumes and personal cosmetics."

So don't be suprised if her transition from Miss to Mrs. comes very soon; what she said leads up to this inevitable conclu-

...on.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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SOCIAL FUTURES:

the importance of planning ahead

Futurology is a comparatively new and little known discipline in India. Beginning with this general introduction to the concept involved, we will be having a series of articles on various aspects of social futures

Jyotsana Kapoor

Futurology, a comparatively new discipline in India, is basically a science which looks for new alternatives and options for the future of society or tries to answer the simple question, "What kind of society are we going to create, say in the year 2000 A.D.?"

According to Dr. S. C. Seth, Member-Secretary, Futurology Panel, Department of Science and Technology, Government of India, "If we want to create a happy future for the people of India, say in 25 years time, now is the time to start planning for it, because the future is not tomorrow, it is today. But unfortunately, Indian people have been conditioned in such a way that the only future they ever think of is their own private future. No one thinks of future in terms of society. The main concern of Futurology is to plan not for any particular individual, but for the whole of society. It is also concerned with trying to inculcate a sense of creativity in the minds of the younger generation. They must learn to think of the future not only in terms of themselves but also in terms of other people."

Indian society, which has a wonderful history and is characterised by a unique culture, has also over the years acquired some unhappy features. For example, (i) social distortions like poverty and uneven economic standards, (ii) man-woman relationship with the women traditionally expected to behave in a certain manner and still being subjected to some injustices in spite of so many reforms, (iii) the large population of the country.

The caste system and certain other beliefs of the people also lead to various social difficulties. The desire of couples for a son is one such belief out of which flow a whole lot of bad customs and traditions. The double standard of morality in sex with men enjoying much more permissive rights as compared to women, is also a social distortion.

REDESIGNING SOCIETY

Certain outmoded practices like dowry, costly marriage celebrations and the above mentioned traditions and customs have to be discarded if our society is to be different in the future. But how do we go about redesigning our society? In this context Futurology acquires greater importance because India has such a large and diverse population. Our main task is to look for new ideas to satisfy at least the bare minimum needs of its people and safeguard social peace. Futurology is an interplay of demand and resource. What will be the demand of Indian people in 25 years' time and what will be the resources available? How can the planners satisfy these demands with the given resources? There have to be a few alternatives to choose from so that if one fails, another can be tried.

Futurology is a subject of serious study in 50 important countries of the world with at least 1000 different organisations involved in it. In fact, there is not a single important country where considerable work on Futurology is not being done. In all these countries this work comprises collecting data as input for the planners and policy markers to formulate policies. The formation of the National Committee on Science and Technology (NCST) Panel on Futurology in 1973 was the starting point of futuristic studies in India. The Panel identified nine areas for study — (i) Energy generation and needs, (ii) Housing, (iii) Transport, (iv) Communication, (v) Urbanology and slum problems, (vi) Rural development, (vii) Food, (viii) Management, and (ix) Education—with a view to prepare for the year 2000 A.D. and to determine future needs and available resources and options in these fields. Two new subjects — water and health — have been added recently.

According to Dr. S. C. Seth, "The biggest problem facing India is its population. A country which adds 12 to 14 million people in a year (on an average we are adding a child every 1½ to 3 seconds) presents a demand curve which can be disturbing in nature, more so, when the resource projections are not likely to keep pace with the demand. The Panel found that even if our efforts in the field of family planning are a complete success, India will have a population of about 960 millions in the year 2000 A.D., in other words, in 25 years we would have added a 'second' India. If all these people are to have a happy and secure life action has to commence now."

How do we manage such a large human system? Dr. Seth says, "Most of us feel tempted to suggest that if 'numbers' be our problem, let us control our exploding population. But there are one or two facts which have to be kept in mind. The statistics show that in 1973, we had 104 million couples in the fertility zone and this number has since increased. Secondly, 44.2 per cent of India's population is today below 15 years of age. Thirdly, when one launches a population control policy, it takes 25 to 30 years to attain zero population growth. Thus the impact of our population policy, whether based on coercion or persuasion, launched in the 70s will be felt only towards the 3rd decade of the next century. And by that time we would have almost doubled our population. This fact has some serious implications.

MANAGING OUR LARGE HUMAN SYSTEM

"All these children have to be educated. The Constitution in its Directive Principles of State Policy lays down that we should provide free, universal, compulsory education to children in the age group of 6-14. At the time when the Constitution was drafted, the children in this age group numbered almost 50 million. Today we have more than 65 million children in this age group and by the turn of the century there will be 120 million. According to a rough estimate made by the Panel, if we follow the conventional teaching method, we should start opening a school for 250 pupils every ten minutes for the next 20 years and employ one per cent of India's population or six million primary school teachers!"

This is certainly a very alarming picture. But this population is also our vast manpower which can be put to use. Firstly, the migration of rural population to urban areas has to be stopped. Studies conducted by the Panel show that at the end of the century we will have at least 500 million able bodied people. Steps should be taken from now to plan for providing work to all these at the places where they are. Mahatma Gandhi gave the charkha so that people could work at home and earn some money, but that will not be enough. So we must plan for industries to spread out of cities to every village.

"Any concept of our future society," says Dr. Seth, "must solve the problem of our pitifully low income. The average per capita income of more than 50 per cent of the population of India is just Re. 1 a day to meet all the needs of health, food, clothing, education, transport and housing. What can be the future of these people?"

Poverty is interlinked with illiteracy, but education in its present form is beyond the reach of most of the people. "We have to develop a system of education which meets the educational needs of this vast and diverse population," Dr. Seth says. "Our present system of education is not geared to suit the needs of our society. Professionals like nurses, doctors, engineers, etc. have to undergo a costly course of four to five years at the end of which many are put to work at jobs for which such elaborate training is unnecessary. Our present system of education neglects middle level training which would be more helpful to our society."

Education should teach children to use their minds independently and show their initiative. It must lay stress on innovation and experimentation. "If we are to achieve our goal of 100 per cent literacy in the future," says Dr. Seth, "We have to adopt non-conventional methods."

NON-CONVENTIONAL METHODS OF EDUCATION

One of the solutions suggested by the Technical Sub-Group on Education is "appropriate education," introduction of nonformal education. The main aim of education should be to provide employment to India's mounting population, and this can be achi-

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SOCIAL FUTURES:

the importance of planning ahead

eved by informal education and a system which would make working in rural areas more attractive.

In order to mobilise our great human potential, planners of the future should keep in mind technological advancement. India needs to adopt the best possible technology, whatever the price, if it is socially relevant to Indian conditions. Proper use of technology is an important factor in transforming the socio-economic life of the people from one level of living to another.

Talking about the condition of women in Indian society, Dr. Seth says that they suffer from the worst type of inequality.

IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF WOMEN

An average Indian woman today lives under a great psychological stress and strain, as she is all the time supposed to adhere to certain age old traditions and customs. She is expected to suffer silently and please others even at the expense of her personal happiness. The social scene as far as the majority of Indian women is concerned, is still very much the same as it was 20 years ago. In spite of so many welfare bodies looking after the needs of women, they still continue to bear the drudgery that has been their lot since ages.

Futurologists say, "More women will become conscious of their legal rights and it may make them more assertive. This assertiveness will be strengthened to some extent as more women are gainfully employed on a part time basis. This will be the case with more than 75 per cent of Indian women by the year 2000 A.D. 15 per cent of the rest will have better opportunities for education and will be more independent, though their life styles may still be traditional. The remaining 10 per cent will be independent and forward looking, like the European women of today. The divorce rate is expected to increase, as more women become aware of their rights."

But if increased education and social freedom are to be a reality for Indian women, the organisations concerned with their welfare have to start acting now. What the country needs are drastic changes in social mores, women's education, women's employment and other socio-economic practices which have kept women in submission. These welfare bodies are the only ones who can penetrate the most backward areas of our society and help the women in these areas.

If the drudgery of a woman's life has to end, elderly women have to be trained not to make too many demands on the younger ones, and the food habits of the male members of a family have to change. New avenues need to be opened for older women, so that they learn to utilise their free time in a constructive manner rather than merely bossing over their daughters-in-law at home.

There are nearly 200 million women in the country who can work at least on a part-time basis. But they can do this only if science and technology can help them to get away from their daylong drudgery at home in the kitchen.

NEW MANAGEMENT POLICY

Even today, there is still a period of three to four hours free each day for most women. Planners should organise ways by which the advantages of science and technology can be utilised to create work for these women to raise their standard of living. And until a new management policy is evolved, the work should be taken to the door step of the women as most of them do not like the idea of working outside their homes.

Widow remarriage is another area which requires a lot of attention as widows are the most neglected section of our society. Steps should be taken to rehabilitate them. The setting up of the committee on remarraige for war widows is a healthy step forward and should get all possible encouragement.

"One hopes that wisdom will prevail even in the areas of marriage celebrations and the dowry system," Dr. Seth said. "It is hoped that a time will come when marriages will be arranged in a different manner and will cost much less. If this is done, people can marry at a young age and live independently. Today, members of an average family in India, though living under one roof, live in different centuries — the grandmother living in one age, the father in another and the children in still another. They all have different life styles and different attitudes to life. This is a phenomenon that can prevail only in a country like India."

Futurologists say there are certain events we would not like to happen in future (like famines, epidemics, etc.) and there are certain events we would like to see happen (like 100 per cent jobs, 100 per cent literacy). To see these things happen, we have to plan for the future so that it does not take us by surprise. Futurology for children means training them in a way which will teach them to identify the growth of an individual's future with the future of society. Educationists must try to create among children a desire to plan. The most elementary approach would lie in stimulating creative drawings, writing essays and envisaging the future. This would help promote creativity and search for new ideas.

THINKING FOR THE FUTURE

People must be taught to think of the future. Public opinion has to be created through debates, magazines, institutions and welfare bodies. The mair work of the Futurologists is to give a realistic picture of the future to the planner.

Citing a few examples of future planning in some advanced countries, Dr. Seth said, "America is spending so much money on solar energy research, it is also planning a space colony; the Japanese are importing coal and dumping it in the ocean. Why? It is preparedness for the future. If, in future, a certain energy resource dries up, they should have other alternatives. In the same way, the proper management of India's people and resources, and the development of science and technology, are necessary for our future prosperity."

The Panel on Futurology has achieved significant results in certain fields. A few of them are: (1) its work has been accepted as useful by the Planning Commission of India, (ii) the Ministry of Education has directed the setting up of six centres for Future studies at the five I.I.T.s and at the Indian Institute of Sciences, Bangalore, and (iii) some state governments have agreed to set up committees to carry out futuristic studies in areas of high priority in their states.

Work in the field of future research in India has begun with an administrative network which is bound to yield good results. Indian futurologists are trying to "make a scientific assessment of India's physical and human resources and of the way they should be developed and utilised so that we can assure reasonable prosperity for the Indian people. Our concern is not merely to look for new ideas but also for methods by which wastage can be eliminated or recycled in order to augment our limited and scarce resources."

TABLE TALK

Did you know that soup did not become a separate dish on our meal tables until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was then called soop? Before that it was known as potage, broth or brewis, and was merely the gravy from roast or stew, usually sopped up with pieces of bread. It was really the adoption (from Italy) of the table fork, which enabled meat to be cut up small without being held in the fingers as hitherto, that led to the arrival of soup as we know it.

A cookery book of 1725 can suggest only six kinds, of which sallery (celery) soup seems to have been the most popular. It suggested the addition of a little onion or endive when making this soup, as well as the boiled crusts of two French rolls.

Today, most celery soups are prepared too quickly, which destroys much of the flavour, and lack a generous knob of flavour sealing butter.

The change of spelling to the present day soup, by the way, was merely a snobbish concession to the influence of French cooking — the word looked more French than soop — in the late eighteenth century.

Did you know that banana plants yield fruit only once, in spite of growing to perhaps 30 feet high with leaves may be 10 feet long? Lacking the bark and wood and the perpetual growing of true trees, bananas are really plants that yield 60-70 pounds of fruit in about 14 months, rather like garden annuals.

The fibrous stem and gigantic leaves are felled after harvesting, to rot into the soil, but the root crowns are split up and replanted for future crops. It was this readiness to grow from cut up root stocks of even dried out or much travelled banana crowns that led to the spreading of this bountiful fruit from India and Southern Asia across the world.

Yet it is hard to believe bananas were uncommon in Britain until the twentieth century, when plantations in the West Indies produced sufficient fruit for export to Europe. Bananas are easily the most nutritious of all the fruits known to man, and ways of serving them offer an endless challenge to adventurous cooks. Try them wrapped round with a thin slice of mustard-spread lean ham, lying lengthwise in a shallow fireproof dish. Pour over some thick cheese sauce, and bake for about half an hour, or until the fruit is tender, and serve piping hot for an unusual dish.

David Gunston

STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

Five years ago, District 314 of Rotary International sent one student abroad and, in turn, received one foreign student in India under the Student Exchange Programme. This year District 314, which covers Maharashtra and parts of M.P. and Karnataka, has sent out 30 students and has received 20 students from Australia, Canada, and the U.S. The progress is not unimpressive.

Providing an opportunity for students of the 16-18 year age group to spend a year abroad, the Programme also includes facilities for sending students to a secondary high school and living with local, Rotary sponsored families. It is a unique opportunity for fairly bright youngsters whose parents are able to pay their fares to and from the host city, plus a compulsory deposit of 200 dollars "which may or may not be expended for emergencies," to see the world and broaden their intellectual and cultural horizons.

Applicants are sponsored by Rotary Clubs which carry out a preliminary selection based on the candidate's family background, character, academic ability. The final selection is made by the District Committee in Bombay. Criteria for selecting students for the Programme are: a) Maturity. At the interview stage students are grilled fairly thoroughly on such topics as sex, colour bar and drugs. Given a problematic situation, hypothetical of course, they are asked to tackle it.

b) Students' knowledge of India. For one of the functions of such a Programme it "to foster international understanding through the goodwill ambassadors of their country."

c) Academic competence. Applications are received from students who are in the top third of their class.

Clubs sponsoring students are expected to host in return exchange students. Each club budgets the expenditure so that on an average Rs. 2,500 is spent. At the District level foreign students are taken on three trips, to Goa, Ellora and Ajanta and Manali. Students travel second class and do not stay in five star hotels. The same goes for Indian students who go abroad.

Indian students don't go abroad as tourists or guests. They spend three months each with three or four local families in any one place. They learn to be part of these families. They attend school, usually the 11th or 12th grades, and mingle with students of their own age, exposing themselves to different cultures and life styles. Each student is given a fairly substantial allowance every month by the club.

Hopefully our "ambassadors" will talk, enlighten foreigners about our country and help to break down the many myths that have been built around India. Some foreigners who have lived in India as exchange students said they suffered a culture shock on entering the country.

Kristina Wall of Rhode Island, U.S.A., said, "When I first got here, I wanted to go right back. The Counsellor in the States had said to me 'You'll be on **this** side of the road and the poor folk on **that** side." But Kristina got over that initial shock. "Everyday you have some sort of experience here. It's fantastic. If you give me a husband (a Gujarati, please, they're very hospitable and good humoured) and a job, I'd stay here."

So much for the Counsellor's ignorance. Can you blame Karen, another American, for wondering, before she got here, whether she would have to live in a hut? "All we see in the National Geographic are pictures of villages and cows. . ." That is one aspect of the reality which is India. The other brighter aspects needs to be projected as well. Students, Rotarians and our official ambassadors alike have their work chalked out for them.

To those foreigners who were more familiar with the country, through some reading, India had much to teach them also. Jennifer Nasmith from Canada enjoyed her stay with her foster family in Khar, who had a one bedroom apartment and a ten-month-old baby, much more than she did with her family in Malabar Hill. "In Malabar Hill, you don't live in India, somebody else lives for you. In Khar you live; you deal with eggwallahs and sabziwallahs and wake up to the tolling of temple bells. I learnt so much more in Khar."

As most students going from India are urbanites who are quite familiar with Western life-styles depicted in films and novels, adjustment is not much of a problem. When Seema Parekh, now a Sr. B.Sc. student at Elphinstone College, Bombay, went to Oklahoma, U.S.A., in '75-'76, she took to the people and the place very easily. What she appreciated most about the Programme was the tremendous confidence the experience had instilled in her.

A year away from the sheltered existence she had led taught her a lot about herself. "Here, at home, I'd ask my mother's opinion on everything. There, I was on my own, I had to make all the decisions."

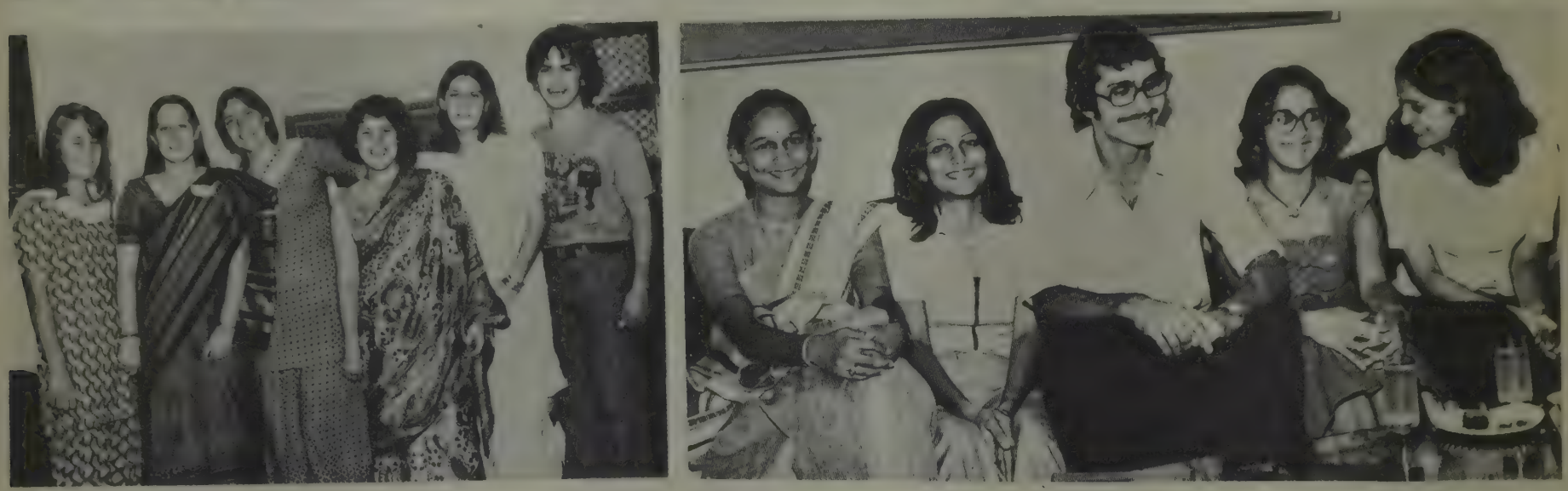
That year abroad helped Seema to grow up faster, independently.

Seema and other students who have been on the Programme have formed the Rotex Club, the purpose of which is to talk to schools and clubs propagating the Student Exchange Programme and also to help rotary exchange students who are going abroad to get to know a bit about the country for which they are bound.

Seema returned to India — and so have many others — because she wanted to. How do the organisers circumvent the problem of students whose parents finance their undergraduate studies abroad or those who manage to obtain scholarships from universities there while they are on the exchange programme? Rashid Yusuf, district chairman, Student Exchange Programme, said, "We ascertain that all students who go abroad as part of the Programme return to India after the one year period is over."

The Programme, one would imagine is essentially for youngsters who come from fairly affluent homes. Even the schools that foreigners are sent to as "guest students" are elitist — Cathedral, Bombay International, Christ Church... Mr. Yusuf however, disagreed. "We have even put guest students in schools in Thane and Pune. And in certain cases we have even got Air India to carry some students on the aircraft free of charge, because their parents couldn't afford to pay for their travel.

"So you see, **any** student can apply for the Student Exchange Programme so long as he fulfils the basic rules of age, academic competence and maturity."



Exchange students from Australia, Canada and the U.S. RIGHT: Some Indians who are leaving for the West, others who have returned

TWO WOMEN MINISTERS OF U. P.

CHANDRAVATI

Mrs. Chandravati, who joined the first Janata Ministry in Uttar Pradesh, is the oldest member of the Cabinet. She was born in Manglopur village in Delhi in 1918 and took her B.A. degree from the Indraprastha College, Delhi. Mrs. Chandravati got her LL.B. degree from the Lucknow University in 1955 and did her M.A. from Bijnor in 1962.

From her college days she took a keen interest in politics. She contested elections to the U.P. Assembly from Bijnor in 1957, and won on the Congress ticket. In 1967 she left the Congress along with Mr. Charan Singh and formed the Jan Congress. The Bhartiya Kranti Dal replaced the Jan Congress and she joined the new organisation. Later on she became an important member of the Bhartiya Lok Dal when it was formed after the merger of BKD, SSP, Swatantra, etc.

She was elected to the Legislative Council in 1974 on the BLD ticket.

During her tenure as member of the Assembly, she served on two important committees — the Public Accounts Committee and the Estimates Committee of the Legislature, with distinction.

Mrs. Chandravati has been allotted the portfolio of Cane Development and Sugar Mills. Unassuming, she was taken by surprise when some persons went to her on July 4, '77 at about 9 a.m. to congratulate her on her selection as a Cabinet Minister. Some Janata leaders too reached her residence at Meerabai Marg at that hour to convey a message from Mr. Ram Naresh Yadav, Chief Minister, that she should reach Government House at 9.30 a.m. to take the oath of office and secrecy.

She has a married daughter and a son who is in the United States.

Mrs. Chandravati

SHAKUNTALA NAYAR

Mrs. Shakuntala Nayar joined the U.P. Ministry as Minister of State for Sales Tax and Entertainment Tax on July 4, 1977. Born in Dehra Dun fifty years ago, she had her education at various convents and was married to Mr. K. K. Nayar, then a member of the I.C.S. The Nayars became famous in connection with the Ayodhya episode in pre-independence days.

She was elected to the Lok Sabha in 1952 on the Hindu Mahasabha ticket. She contested the elections to the U.P. Assembly in 1962 on the Jan Sangh ticket and won. In the two subsequent elections to the Lok Sabha in 1967 and 1971, Mrs. Shakuntala Nayar won again as a Jan Sangh nominee.

In the recent elections to the U.P Assembly, Mrs. Nayar contested from the Fakarpur constituency of Bahraich district on the Janata ticket and won easily. She defeated her Congress and other rivals with a considerable majority.

Mrs. Nayar's hobbies include gardening, reading and social work. She has a married daughter and two grandchildren. Her husband is now a leading legal practitioner in Delhi.

P. S. Sethi

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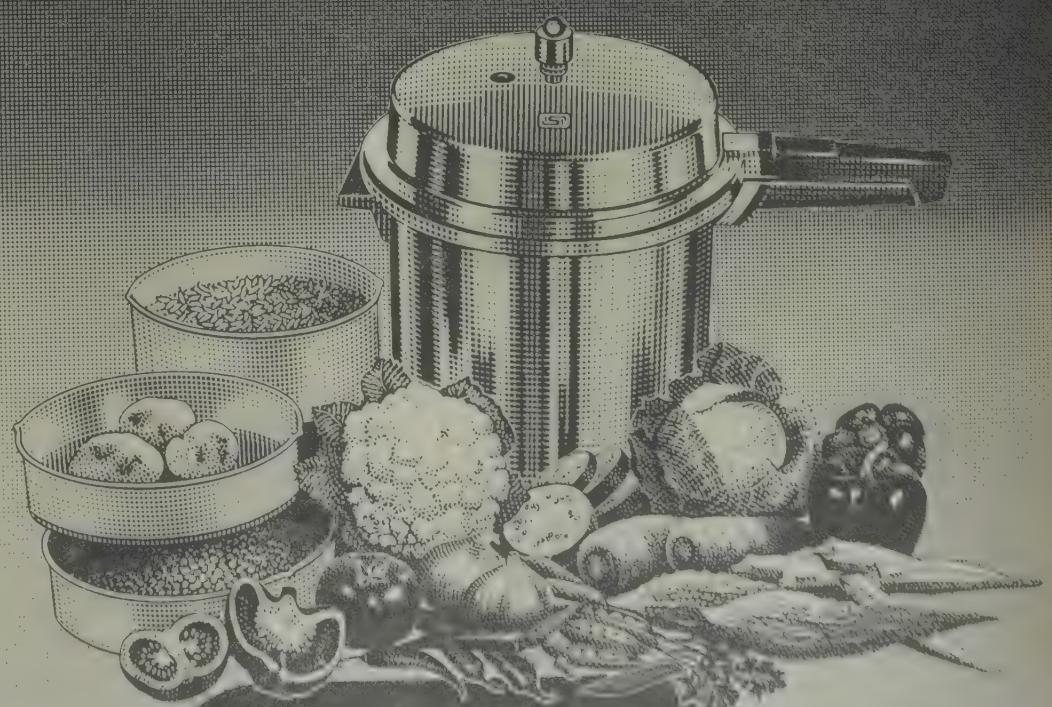

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people and events

On the occasion of the visit of Staff Major Abdul Salam Ahmad Jalloud of Libya, to the Oberoi Sheraton, Bombay, are from left, Dr. Mohammed Yousuf Al-Magariaf, Ambassador of Libya, Mr. Nuri El-Mismari, Mr. M.P.S. Aulakh, security liaison officer, Govt. of India, Miss Honey Uttamsingh and Miss Fareda Nariman of Guest Relations, Mr. Avinash Gupta, protocol officer, Staff Major Jalloud, Mrs. Toni Siddiqi, asst. mgr., Public Relations, and Mr. Ashraf Khan, lobby manager, OSH.

Seen at the function to celebrate Arab Republic of Egypt National Day, hosted by Mr. S. Ali Said, Consul General of the Arab Republic of Egypt, are from left, Mr. S. Ali Said, Mrs. F. Zakaria, Mrs. B. Arsad, wife of the Indonesian Consul General, Mr. M. Kamaluddin, Consul for Bahrain, Mrs. M. Ghonein and Mr. Mohamed A. Ghonein, Vice-Consul of Egypt in Bombay.

LEFT: Seen at the party to celebrate the Iraqi National Day, held at the Hotel Maurya in Delhi, are, from left, Mr. Ismat Siddiq, Iraq's financial attache, Anita Gupta, banquet and sales executive of Hotel Maurya and Jasmin Ali Hassan from the Embassy of Iraq.

ABOVE: At Sheila Thadani's exhibition of paintings in Bombay, the artist (right) is seen with a viewer, Mrs. Beryl Dee Vrebalovich.

LEFT: At the music competition arranged by the Canara Bank Ladies Club, Mrs. Ratna receives a prize from Mr. S. Venkatraman, general manager of the bank. Miss Nagaratna, Club secretary, is seen behind her.

BELOW: Mrs. Vidyadevi Agarwal cuts the tape and inaugurates the exhibition of Hakoba embroidered sarees and laces in Calcutta. On her left are Mr. Babubhai Kapadia, managing director, Fancy Corporation Ltd. (makers of Hakoba sarees and laces) and Mr. Durgadas Kapoor of Queenie.

BELOW: Mrs. Muthiah, immediate past president of the Inner Wheel Club of Madras, installs Mrs. Lalitha Rai as president of the Club. At right is Mrs. Anasuya Venugopal, vice-president of the Club.

bombay

Martha Stuart, a leading TV producer for cable television, was in Bombay recently. Described as "one of America's most dynamic forces on the public service scene", Martha Stuart is famous for her video/film TV series called "Are You Listening?" which focuses on controversial issues. The Advertising Club, Bombay, held a workshop on "The versatility of video cassettes" conducted by Martha Stuart, which was followed by a talk by her to the Club's members on "The Art of Persuasion."

* * *

"Whenever natural disasters occur, children are the first to suffer," said Mr. G.S. Mulgaonkar, Resident Programme Officer of UNICEF, speaking on the the subject "Problems Faced By Children Growing Up In The Present Day World." Mr. M.M. Shah, president of Andheri Jaycees, welcomed the audience.

While conducting the declaration ceremony, Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, immediate past president of Andheri Jaycees said that children have a right to better education, health care and recreation facilities.

* * *

Sheila Thadani held her eighth solo exhibition of paintings at the Taj Art Gallery. This time, her theme was 'Huts'. Her colours ranged from cool greys to flaming oranges, warm browns to pale blues.

A diploma-holder in Interior Decoration, she studied in Delhi under K. S. Kulkarni at the Triveni Kala Sangam, for a year, and learnt batik from K. Shanker in Kanpur.

delhi

The Kenyan Ladies Golf Union invited an all-woman golf team to take part in the Women's Championship at Kenya. The nine member team included Mrs. Prem Sethi (Captain), Mrs. Sita Rawley thrice winner of the All India Women's Championship and Mrs. Indu Chaudhari, chairman of the Indian Golf Union, women's section. Except Mrs. Chaudhari who is a Bombay player, the rest of the team was from Delhi. The matches were played on the Lamiru golf course, situated at a height of 8,000 ft. near Nairobi. The Kenyan team won all the matches, except one, won by Indu Chaudhari against Leeh Moburui. The ladies were taken on a safari after the championship matches. Air India arranged a delightful trip to the Seychelles Islands.

calcutta

The Calcutta Art Society put up a very evocative show, the "Meghadootam", at the Raj Bhavan to celebrate their 42nd anniversary. Adapted from Kalidas' original, the sonorous opening Sanskrit verses set the mood for the short operatic presentation, the songs from Tagore illustrated by group and solo dances telling the story of the banished "Yaksha" pining for his beloved. The lighting, simulating rain, thunder and lightning, was competent. The Governor of West Bengal Mr. T. N. Singh and Mrs. Singh graced the occasion. Chief Minister Mr. Jyoti Basu and Mrs. Basu were the chief guests.

* * *

An exhibition of Hakoba embroidered sarees held at the Park Hotel displayed the latest Hakoba creations in sarees and dress materials. Their wide range of embroidered sarees and their new lovely Guippeure laces of varying widths, were fascinating. Hakoba has introduced embroidery on American georgettes, Munga checks and Manipuri weaves. Quite a few fashion designers visited this exhibition.

madras

Mr. O Chacko, Area Sales Manager, Union Carbide India Limited, hosted a press get-together on the eve of the launching of their new product, the 1055 Shrink-Wrap "Eveready" battery. It was released formally the next day at a dealers' get-together at Hotel Sudarshan International by Dr. G. V. R. Murthy, General Manager, Sales.

ahmedabad

Miss Durga Dalal, a girl guide of Ahmedabad, was felicitated by Governor K. K. Vishwanathan for having been selected from India for the International Scouts and Guides Week at Connecticut, USA She is a student of the Gujarat Law Society High School.

During her tour of the US, she will perform Bharata Natyam and the folk dances of Gujarat.

The other girl selected from India is Miss Anushree Mitra of West Bengal.

* * *

Two first prize of Rs. 500 each in the essay competition, for primary and secondary teachers organised by the National Council of Education Research and Training (NCERT) were awarded to Mr. Keshavlal Amulakh Parikh, principal, Tharad taluka shala, of Banaskantha district and Mrs. Malti Maligi of Kendraya Vidyalaya of Ahmedabad. The second prize (primary teachers) went to Mrs. Padmakumari Narag and consolation prize to Mr. Ishver Chauhan. The consolation prize (secondary teachers) went to Mr. Dinanath Vyas.

bangalore

Mrs. Raigh Roe, president, Associated Country Women of the World, London and Mrs. Zeba Zuboir, area vice-president for ACWW, were the chief guests at the rural welfare centre programmes of the Dakshina Bharat Mahila Sangam, at Kadugodi village near Bangalore. A new creche was opened on the occasion. The two ladies were also present at the inauguration of the work training centre for blind women by Mr. K.R. Ramachandran, Commissioner and Secretary, Department of Social Welfare. Mrs. Veena Sriram, Director, Women and Children's Welfare Department, was the chief guest.

Mrs. Padma Srinivasan president of the Sangam and Mrs. Vanamala N. Rao, secretary, were in charge of the programme.

pune

Chairman Jayceerette Susheela Talera, on behalf of the Pune Jaycerettes wing, handed over a traffic kiosk to the Commissioner of Police Mr Sahasrabhojane at a meeting held at Hotel Pearl.

The traffic kiosk, the first of its kind in Pune, was installed at the Balgandharva chowk. Mrs. Sahasrabhojane declared open the kiosk. Jaycee Nandu Rathi has designed the kiosk.

CROCHET SPECIAL

Continued from page 17

cross bottom edge) 3 ch., turn, (6 sts.).

3rd row: 2 tr. in same place as 3 ch., 1 tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn.

4th row: 1 tr. in each tr. to last st., 2 tr. and 1 dbl.tr. in last st. Rep. last 2 rows (3rd and 4th) till 17th row. has been worked and there are 36 sts. Drop loop from hook join a length of thread to where last st. was worked and with it work 18 ch., fasten off. Pick up dropped loop and work 1 tr. in each ch. to end (54 sts.).

Work 16 more rows of tr., keeping one edge straight and inc. on the other edge as before (86 sts.).

Next row: 1 s.s. in each of next 18 sts., 2 ch., 1 tr. in each of next 33 sts., 2 ch., turn.

Work next 7 rows straight on these 34 sts., fasten off. Rejoin thread and work a row of dc. along the cross edge, fasten off. Join Red and multicoloured diamonds to the White crochet piece (refer chart A).

Similarly work 5 more plate mats.

Centrepiece:

With White thread work a row of 36 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch., 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row 6 times more, 20 ch., turn.

9th row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. and in each tr. to end of row, 2 ch., turn. Work 7 rows straight, 20 ch., turn.

17th row: 1 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. and 1 tr. in each tr. to last 18 sts. 2 ch., turn., work 7 rows straight.

25th row: Work in tr. to last 18 sts., 2 ch., turn. Work 7 rows straight, fasten off.

Then work 14 diamonds in multicolours and 14 diamonds in Red as for plate mat and join to the White crochet piece (refer chart B).

Glass mat:

Work 2 diamonds in Red and 2 in multicolours as for plate mat and join one to the other alt. to form a square. Similarly work and prepare 5 more squares of 4 motifs each.

Arnavaz Dhondy

CORRECTION

The cover photograph of our issue dated August 5-11, 1978, was by Taiyeb Badshah and not by Farokh Reporter.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

The New Moon, strongly aspected, shows that big changes are the way, that you will change your ideas and your outlook, perhaps your complete set up, this year. Expect a few upheavals, sudden adjustments, but don't fight these; it is no time to cling to the past, to outworn ideas and relationships. A re-shuffle in friendship means that a new romance will be important, could be THE one. If married, however, it will be too easy to get discontented and to look for consolation elsewhere. If you value your union, be aware of this possibility. You will be short of cash at times but, looking ahead a bit, late 1979/early 1980 will be one of the most prosperous phases you have ever known!

For the week Aug 27 — Sept 2

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar 22 — Apr 20)

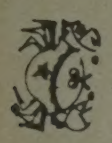
An ardent phase for love, but you may be tempted to play with fire because you don't get your wishes in another direction. Your problems are fleeting, so look ahead a bit. Meanwhile, a lot depends on how you handle people and situations. You are naturally adventurous, but be a little more cautious now.

TAURUS (Apr 21 — May 21)

Try to get up to date on everything and to keep it that way. Life could become very hectic soon and you don't want to be in a muddle continuously. This week, a happy surprise from your love and a letter or visit from someone you have been out of touch with. There are good buys around on the 2nd.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

A sociable and happy week when you will get the chance to show what you can do in more ways than one! If you've been working towards a special goal, efforts will be rewarded soon. Exciting trends for romance, but don't be over-confident and get into something you can't manage on Sunday.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

If already involved in plans for widening your activities, you will get a helping hand from a younger relative. Travel, fresh scenes and friendships are indicated; get on the move for luck and for fun. If lonesome, a super new romance is on the way — just be responsive!

LEO (July 24 — Aug 23)

A busy-busy week when you will start something new and adventurous — and make a success of it. In love, you may be undecided between the old and the new but, whatever happens, you will find life exciting and lucky. You shortly enter one of the most fortunate periods you will ever know; be ready for opportunities.

VIRGO (Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Luck is with you, so push ahead with confidence, drop some of your Virgo caution. Start now to think big and be bold; get into the "in" group. Communicate and go for the new and novel in most areas. Your appeal is very potent; an ardent stranger is about to enter your scene!

LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct 23)

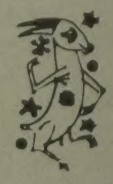
Mars and Venus are in your sign; you need no more help than this to make your love life sizzle! You should be looking good, feeling great, have extra energy and enthusiasm for all you do. But don't neglect those little practical matters that can bring a better set-up for you.

SCORPIO (Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Enjoy yourself but give time and thought to the way you want your life to go. You will have some excellent opportunities in the months ahead; don't waste these. You could be improving your fortunes soon, as well as your love and social life. This week, romance and travel are linked.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 — Dec 22)

The starry pattern is optimistic for you. If unattached, a happy new link could form with a boy of unusual temperament or different background to yourself. A super holiday week, but great also for pushing on with home and family affairs. You have a lively social scene between now and Christmas!



CAPRICORN (Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Your love life may have been unsatisfactory in little ways recently, but perhaps it may be due to your own lack of confidence. There may have been a break in a friendship; happier times are on the way; trends improve as this week ends. There'll be more cash, a better deal at work and at home.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21 — Feb 19)

A restless week for you, mainly due to the changeable attitude of companions. Best not be too dependent on the whims of others, or to take too much notice of casual promises or chit-chat. You will do better as a loner, and won't get so rattled! You could start an unwise romance as a boost to your ego.

PISCES (Feb 20 — Mar 21)

You will have to fit in with the arrangements of others, rather than do what you want. Yet, other people will have the right ideas, so go along willingly. If involved in a romance, you could be taking him too much for granted. If single, plenty of new meetings, but that essential spark may be missing.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 2, 1978

SEPTEMBER 5 IS TEACHERS' DAY

• On Teachers' Day every year, ritualistic speeches are made on the role of the teacher in the nation and people wax eloquent about the need to respect teachers. But will teachers be respected in economic terms too? Will conditions be created where the teacher will be inspired to work with dedication? The answer, says one teacher, is too obvious to need telling.

• What it means to be a teacher — three women speak.

• The changing teacher-student relationship — an urgent need for a more productive partnership.

• National awards for outstanding teachers — is enough attention paid to them?

• Tuitions — are they becoming a racket?

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